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# PLEADING FOR JUSTICE

W. C. BURNS



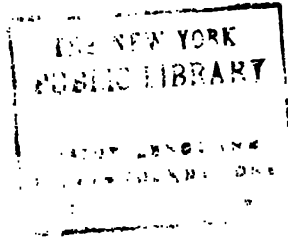


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## **PLEADING FOR JUSTICE**





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*“ . . . and looked through her eyes into her  
very soul”.*

# PLEADING FOR JUSTICE

By  
W. C. BURNS

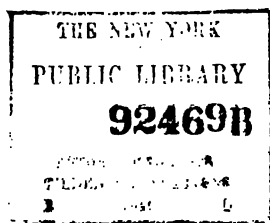
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*To the sacred memory of my mother, and  
to other mothers who toil in order that they  
may educate their children and give to our  
country a more intelligent class of citizens,  
this book is dedicated.*



## FOREWORD

As I have struggled for a living, have worked as a plough-boy on the hills of Georgia, have toiled long hours in cotton mills and passed eighteen tons of coal a day into the furnace of a locomotive, I have come in close contact with working men. I have lived in their humble homes and know them to be a noble people, and I am proud to consider myself one of them.

I have shared in the poverty of the labourers; I know their heartaches, their prejudices, their weaknesses and their strength. I know how they feel when they think that capital is making more than it is entitled to, for labour knows far more than the general public thinks about the profits of the business in which it is engaged.

In writing this novel I have striven to deal with one of the greatest problems before us to-day, using the old triangle of love, good, and evil in a way that the labourer, who keeps his finger on the line as he reads, will see that his suffering is due more to the fault of our system than to any prejudice that he may imagine exists against him. I have visited the slums of New York, and when I attempt to give a picture of those horrors and to

## FOREWORD

describe the sufferings that I saw there, my pencil stumbles and my mind falters.

If the thinking public would give these conditions the serious consideration they deserve, the time would soon come when these economic problems would be solved, and the suffering of the poor would be relieved.

W. C. BURNS

*740 West End Avenue  
New York*

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## **PLEADING FOR JUSTICE**



# PLEADING FOR JUSTICE

## CHAPTER I

### TRUE BLUE

**T**AKE this one, Mother," said Warren Preston, Junior.

There was something in the atmosphere which awed him, but he was only seven years old and too young to comprehend its meaning. He stepped back by the side of Edna, his little five year-old-sister and the two children stood in reverence and gazed at their mother.

The young woman took the rosebud which he gave her and arranged it in a bouquet of flowers, then stooped to get a close whiff of their fragrance. Her gown was of old rose velvet, which harmonized in colour with her brown eyes and dark fluffy hair. The colour of her cheeks and the expression of her face inspired Warren to rush to her with open arms. She kissed him and seated herself in a large comfortable chair.

Then Edna, a bewitching elf with blue eyes

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and black curly hair, climbed into her lap and kissed her passionately, as if jealous of Warren. Each child again embraced their mother and she drew them closer to her breast. The circumstances were different from any Mrs. Preston had ever experienced. She smiled yet there was something which caused the children to know she was in a deep study.

After a brief silence Warren began asking questions about his father. He instantly noticed the serious expression his questions brought over his mother's face and he attempted to drive it away with his childish caresses. Mrs. Preston put the children down, as if to evade his questions, and went to the piano where she played and sang a soft running thing, almost as if she were improvising, while the children stood at her side.

The furniture in the little living room was inexpensive but exhibited a touch of refinement, while on the walls were old family portraits in oil that spoke of more prosperous days in the past.

Their cottage was situated back a short distance from the street, thus giving space for a lawn and trees. It was late in the afternoon in early autumn. The foliage on the trees, flowers, and shrubbery presented every hue



and the rich sun was sinking behind the foot-hills of the Catskills.

As Mr. Preston stepped from the sidewalk, he caught the strains of music in his home. He stopped for a moment, listening, and marvelled at the harmony between the notes of the voice and the vibrations of the strings of the instrument which were thrilled by the delicate touch of the fingers of the woman he loved.

He slipped into the living room and standing back of the group, he looked on in silence for a moment; but Mrs. Preston, feeling conscious of his presence, stopped playing at the first pause in the music, and emerged from behind the bench at the piano just as he stooped to kiss the children. She smiled as she watched the ease with which he raised the two children to his breast and then lowered them to the floor and advanced to embrace her. As she laid her head against his breast, her hair passed across his cheeks and thrilled him with emotion. She kissed him, and then moved aside, sacrificing her position to the children who were jumping to reach his hand.

Taking Edna in his arms he said, "Daddy is going away, so I'll tell you a secret." He whispered in her ear, "I have got you a kitten to play with while I am gone."



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Delighted with the secret, her blue eyes sparkled and she said: "Titten—titten, see Daddy?"

"Where you goin', Daddy?" Warren asked.

"I am going to Cuba, son, and I have a collie puppy as a parting gift for you."

"Where is it?"

"I am expecting it any moment."

Just then the maid entered with the pets and Warren danced with joy as he seized the collie, while Mr. Preston put Edna on the floor and gave her the smoke-haired Persian kitten. She gently stroked it, until it began purring, then went to her mother and said: "Purr—purr."

When Warren put the puppy down it began playing and barking at the little cat.

"Look, Daddy—look!" the child cried.

His father pulled the boy to his lap, kissed him, and said: "It's a smart dog—catch him, son."

Mrs. Preston laughed, named the kitty Puffy, the puppy Laddy, and seated herself on the arm of her husband's chair. She stroked his forehead and ran her fingers through his hair as they watched the children playing with their new pets. Edna was teasing the kitten with a long straw to see it

jump and play while Warren, lying on the floor resting his head on his left arm, rubbed Laddy's ribs with his right and shrieked with laughter as Laddy lay on his back with his white feet in the air and his mouth open in a puppy's laughter.

That evening, when the children had told their father good-bye, said their evening prayers and gone to bed, the father and mother sat on the sofa in companionship before the fire.

"This afternoon," he said, "I passed the place I first met you. I stopped and sat on the rock where we sat in the pale moonlight. I recalled every word that we said and all that happened at that picnic. The streets, hills, valleys, and brooks of Orlando are the scenes of my childhood; they are beautiful to me, and this afternoon as I saw them dressed in their natural robe of autumn they seemed more beautiful than ever, but the spot where we first met seems dearer than any other. I love the people of Orlando and I hate to leave them, but to leave you and our children is the hardest thing I ever did."

"I hate to have you go—still—if you feel it your duty, I will not insist on your staying. God feeds the birds and he will provide some

way for us." She leaned her head against him and took his hand.

"It is my duty as a lawyer, not only to defend justice, but to fight for it. The people of Cuba are crying for a government of their own and I do feel it my duty to assist them in winning their freedom. I—I—hope to return—but—in case anything should happen I wish Warren to have my grandfather's watch. It's an old-fashioned timepiece to be wound with a key, but the heavy chain and case are of solid gold." He pulled from his pocket the watch with a card attached on which he had written:

"I give this to Warren Preston, Jr., with instructions to sell only to buy bread for his sister or to pay any honest debt."

"But you'll come back to use it yourself," she said, fondly, with tear-wet eyes, as she took the watch and put it away in the secret drawer of an old mahogany desk.

The two sat hand in hand in the flickering firelight of the little room that had witnessed so many happy hours of companionship and love, thinking of the sacred past and of the doubtful future. Each endeavoured to avoid showing any grief or foreboding, lest the other's heart be made more heavy in this last hour. They spoke in low tones, of their days as

young lovers, of their marriage, of the birth of their children, of the almost perfect communion that had existed between them, with never an unkind word or an unloving thought on either side. First one and then the other would recall some special incident, some blessed moment, with "Do you remember——?"

With their arms about each other, they spoke of the future of the children, of their ambitions for the little son and daughter, of the education and training that they hoped to give them. Deep in the wife's heart lay the unuttered fear, "Will *he* be here to help me with them?" At last the old clock on the mantel struck the hour when he must leave, and with brave smiles they summoned a carriage, put on their wraps, and went to the station. She felt as in some dim but poignant dream as she rode beside him, as she walked up and down the station platform at his side, waiting for the train to come. At last the engine drew up with a mighty hiss and sigh, and the moment of parting had come. There was one last straining embrace, one kiss, and then he was gone! She watched the light of the cars fade away into the darkness, and then turned back to her home, alone.

## CHAPTER II

### A BOY'S HONOUR

**D**OCTOR BROGDEN, the best physician in Orlando, was a close friend of the Preston family. He was older than Mr. Preston but they had been on fishing and hunting trips together and had been friends for a long time. He had been their family physician when Warren and Edna were born, and he loved Warren best of all the children he knew.

The maid in Doctor Brogden's office, knowing of this friendship, was surprised when she read the large type heading in the morning paper which told of Colonel Preston's departure and of his career as a member of the National Guards. Several of the members had enlisted with Colonel Preston and the paper gave their names. As the doctor entered the office she said:

"Here's your paper, Doctor."

The doctor read the headlines, then looked off as if dazed.

"Didn't you know he was going, Doctor?" the maid asked.

"Yes, but I didn't realize before just what it means."

The doctor sat in his neatly furnished but inexpensive office as if lost in a deep study, thinking of Mr. Preston's grandfather, General George Preston, who had sacrificed his life to preserve the Union, and to whose memory the people had erected a monument in the centre of the town square. And now Warren Preston, his only grandson, had gone to Cuba to risk his life for the freedom of a small, helpless nation.

On a balmy afternoon in early July, when the flowers in their little yard were in bloom, Warren lay on the green lawn jabbing Laddy in the mouth with his elbow, while the puppy lay on its back pushing at Warren's arm with its front paws and working its back feet in midair.

Edna, sitting close by, was playing with her kitten, trying to adjust a bow of blue ribbon on its neck.

Near the children and beneath the shade of the trees was a swing long enough for two and hung at a comfortable height. Mrs. Preston was sitting in the swing, sewing on a little

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dress for Edna, and watching the children, often laughing at their pranks. She noticed a messenger coming and her face grew solemn.

The boy secured her signature, then hurried away.

She read the message:

San Juan Hill,  
July first, 1898.

MRS. WARREN PRESTON,  
Orlando, New York.

Colonel Preston was selected to lead an attack on the most difficult point of San Juan Hill. He died from a wound just two hours after he reached his goal. He was a courageous leader and his men loved and respected him.

Sincerely,  
GENERAL GORDON.

She buried her face in her hands and wept, then choked back the tears and kissed the children, who, quick to realize that something had happened, ran to her. She controlled her emotions, put the message in her bosom, and led the children into the house.

Two days later she received the following letter:

San Juan Hill,  
June 30, 1898.

MY OWN DEAR HEART:

To-morrow America will take San Juan Hill. The regiment I am to lead has been selected to attack a

difficult point. Somehow I feel as if I will never return, but I will never have an opportunity to give my life to a better cause. My only regret is that I can't kiss you and my precious babes farewell.

May God keep and bless you and ours is my prayer as I bid you good-night.

Yours forever,

WARREN.

She knew it was her last message; for several days she read it over and over again, although she wept each time she read it; it was sweet to her. She recalled his firm, kind, and affectionate ways as a father, his gentle, sweet, patient, and devoted love as a husband, and the way he had performed his duty as a citizen. She considered well her duty to her children. Her means were limited and she must do something for a support. She was good at needle work and it was the only thing she could do and keep a home for her little ones, and so within a short while she put on her window a neat sign announcing that she would take in sewing.

In the early fall, in her efforts to economize, she ripped up some of Mr. Preston's old clothes from which she made Warren several suits. He was proud of the clothes because his mother had made them. He talked about the suits so



much at school that he made himself conspicuous and the boys began guying him which continued until one of the boys said: "Oh, bosh, your mother's no good! She isn't worth a d——"

"You're a liar!" Warren said.

"Hit 'im—Hit 'im, John, don't let him call you a liar," some of the older boys yelled.

"You're a d—— liar," John growled.

Warren hit the boy and the two went to fighting for life. He got John down, choked him and beat his face, until the other boys pulled him off. When John was up he got a rock and showed more fight, but the boys took the rock away from him and put the two to fighting again.

Both boys had grit and fought with fury and the sight of blood made each of them fight the harder. Warren was a little younger and smaller, but the first blow which he struck made up for the difference in weight and made them evenly matched.

The boy succeeded in getting Warren down and delivered several hard blows.

"Hav' y'er got a n'uf?" the boy asked.

"No, d—— you!" was Warren's defiant reply as he gripped the boy's throat with his left hand.

"Let h'm up"—"No let 'em fight"—  
"Watch Warren choke him"—"Look 't  
John's tongue"—those watching the fight  
were saying.

John was delivering his blows with all of his strength, trying to knock Warren senseless before being choked into submission by Warren's grip. Warren's right hand was pinned under his body, between the boy's legs, and held there by John's left, so he could do nothing but take his punishment which was severe; but he held on to John's throat like a bulldog. Both boys were suffering agonies and it was now a question of endurance.

John took both hands and tried to break Warren's grip; this released Warren's right so he gave a lunge, landed on top, and hit John five times in the mouth quicker than it takes to count the blows. Each lick drove John's tongue against his teeth, cutting an ugly ragged wound.

Warren got up and said: "Now—g't up and I'll whip you a'gin if you want me to!"

"No—you've fought enuf," someone in the crowd said.

"Did he hurt you, Warren?" one of the boys asked with a smile.

"You go to 'ell!" Warren snarled, while trembling from exhaustion.

Both boys were bleeding at the nose and mouth and had bruised faces.

After school was out Warren went home, ate his supper, went to the sitting room, and began studying his lessons, as though nothing unusual had happened.

Mrs. Preston knew as soon as she saw him that he had been fighting, but she wished to give him an opportunity to tell her of his own accord. At last, seeing that he was not going to mention the affair, she asked: "What caused those bruises on your face, Warren?"—as if she had just noticed it. Warren then told her all of the details.

"Bad boys fight, Warren, and if I hear of your fighting again I will be forced to punish you."

"Mother, you said Daddy died fighting."

"Yes, but he was fighting for the honour of his country. Every one should love his country and be willing to fight for it because the country protects the home."

"I want to fight for you and Edna like I do for my country."

Mrs. Preston dismissed the subject and put the children to work on their studies.

Warren's fight was talked about so much by the school children to their mothers that it

advertised the fact that Mrs. Preston was taking in sewing and she soon had all she could possibly do.

Her happiest hours were in the evenings when she was helping the children with their lessons and listening to them tell their experiences at school.

One night Warren said something about "Monk Sullivan."

"Do you mean Arthur Sullivan?" his mother asked.

"That's what his mother calls him but the boys call him 'Monk.' Last year one of the boys got his mother to paint a hen egg with fancy coloured stripes. He told 'Monk' it was a monkey egg and if it was put under a setting hen it would hatch a monkey. 'Monk' had the best bird eggs of anybody. He wanted the boy's monkey egg and gave all of his bird eggs for it. Ever since then the boys call him Monk."

"That was wrong, Warren. The boy told something that was not true and robbed Arthur Sullivan."

"You said it was wrong to rob a bird's nest and that's what Monk did and he got what was coming to him."

## CHAPTER III

### THE WAGES OF NEGLIGENCE

**W**HEN Warren was only thirteen years old he began work in the Orlando Cotton Mills, and a few months later their home and all of its contents were completely destroyed by fire. They had lost all of their property in the panic which followed the Spanish American War and had dropped the insurance on their home, so the fire left them in destitute circumstances.

In order to be near Warren's work and for the sake of economy, Mrs. Preston secured two rooms in one of the mill tenements, rude, ugly structures, in long rows of double houses. They purchased the cheapest furniture possible and moved in the day after the house was burned. They used the small room for cooking and eating, and the large one, sixteen feet square, for sewing, sitting, and sleeping.

The first evening in their new home was a busy one. The paper on the wall was torn and

hanging loose in many places, but Mrs. Preston pasted it back and decorated the walls the best she could with calendars and such pictures as she had been able to procure. They succeeded in arranging the furniture and putting up the beds before supper, and after eating, Warren held the lamp and Edna handed her mother pictures, pins, and a piece of iron which she used as a hammer to drive the nails for hanging the curtains. Laddy followed each movement Warren made, while Puffy was searching every corner to satisfy the curiosity of a cat.

The next morning, as Warren went to his work, he was dressed as the other boys were, barefooted and with a pair of blue overalls which reached to his ankles, a shirt the sleeves of which were rolled high so as to expose his arms below the elbows, and a cap covered with lint.

The operators were gathered in front of the big mill waiting for the call whistle, some laughing and guying one another while a few young couples were paired off, talking in undertones and not interested in anything but themselves.

As Warren approached the group some of the boys met him and offered a cigarette, and their spokesman told him:

"We're go'n' to work old Rad to-day. They're go'n' to change dat combination frame to make sevens' fillin' and de damn thing will doff ev'ry fifteen minutes. All of us are go'n' to tell de boss we don't want Rad for a partner to-day and as a boy has got 'o be on dat frame it will be Rad. De ot'er frames run two hours widout doffing and we will finish doffing dem at eleven o'clock den we'll slip off to de river and git back by de time dey are ready to doff dis ev'ning."

"But it's too cold to go swimming now," Warren remarked.

"We're not go'n' swimming, we're just go'n' to hunt a hole for de summer."

Warren had politely refused the cigarette without making the boy feel bad, and he laughed at their selfish plan for pleasure, which he agreed to, then passed on into the mill. Some of the boys followed him, but others waited for the whistle.

Mrs. Preston and Edna did the house cleaning and Mrs. Preston rolled the sewing machine in front of the window, so she could get a good light on her work, and began sewing, while Edna took Puffy and Laddy for a stroll to explore the surroundings of their new home.

She carried Puffy in her arm, supporting its

back with her hand, while Laddy followed at her side. She went back of the mill to a brook which ran across a large flat rock to its edge and then fell about two feet into a little pool, keeping up a gentle murmur as if in accord with the breeze through the young leaves. The trees on both sides of the brook were mingled with the white blossom of the dogwood, the yellow flower of the poplar which perfumed the air, the brown tassel of the oak, and the reddish tinge of the maple. It was a bright, sunny spot and the water was so clear that it acted as a mirror and gave back a charming reflection of Edna as she looked into the little pool, with hatless curls tied with a bow of old ribbon of the same shade as her blue gingham dress.

She heard the song of a thrush, sitting in the tree nearest her, and saw him move his throat as he sang to his mate, then turn his head back, listening for his mate to answer. He called again, and his mate came and sat on the limb beside him. They put their bills together and chirped in subdued tones, then both flew away.

Laddy lay down in the sun and Edna seated herself on the rock beside him. She put the cat down and stroked it until it began purring,



and finally went to sleep. She then crept to the water's edge, bathed her cheeks which were flushed from the walk, took off her shoes, and went wading.

Mrs. Preston's first customer, in her new home, was a Mrs. Schmidt, a fat, short, coarse-looking woman whose husband had acquired a considerable fortune in the brewery business, and who was noted for her handsome limousine and conspicuous jewellery.

She gave Mrs. Preston the material and a design and said: "I wants de dress made like t'at and I wants to look like t'at in it."

Mrs. Preston could hardly keep from laughing in the woman's face as she asked: "Don't you know, Mrs. Schmidt, this design is for a slim model?"

"Wha' can I do to be slim?"

"Have you tried eliminating beer from your diet?"

They finished the discussion and Mrs. Schmidt left after being told she could come back two days later for a fitting of the lining.

Edna came in sight, bringing all the dogwood blossoms and wild flowers she could carry, just as Mrs. Schmidt's limousine was leaving. She put some of the flowers in water then fastened the large branches of dogwood to the

head of the white iron beds and put some of the branches of maple and crab-apple blossoms on the walls and mantel. In the afternoon she met Warren, coming from his work, took his hand and went hopping and skipping by his side until she led him into the room for the pleasure of seeing him surprised.

"Oh! it's wonderful Edna! how did you do it?" he said, and then kissed her.

She then told of how she had gone to the brook and how she had secured the flowers.

About midnight Edna was taken ill and Mrs. Preston, being aroused by her restless movements, felt her forehead and discovered that she had a high fever. She lit the lamp, got some cold water, and began bathing her face to make her comfortable.

The light awakened Warren who was quick to realize the situation, and rushed to the telephone in the mill store about three blocks away. By shaking the door furiously Warren aroused the keeper of the store, and then telephoned Doctor Brogden to come out immediately.

On his arrival, Doctor Brogden put the thermometer in Edna's mouth, counted her pulse, and then noticed the dogwood blossoms and wild flowers which decorated the room.

"She did it herself, Doctor," Mrs. Preston remarked.

"I wonder if she went in the branch?" the doctor asked.

"I think not—her shoes and stockings were dry when she returned."

When the doctor had taken the thermometer from her mouth and read it, he looked at her throat, using a small pocket flashlight.

"She has diphtheria," he said! "I can't get fresh anti-toxin in Orlando, so if Warren will go with me to the telephone I will order it from New York."

Within thirty minutes the Medo Drug Company had received the doctor's order, had carefully packed the anti-toxin in a box about ten inches square, and delivered it to the express company, with instructions to ship it to Orlando on the first express which was early in the morning. To insure prompt and proper handling of the package, in addition to the address, they stamped on one side of the box in large letters: "*DIPHTHERIA ANTI-TOXIN—RUSH.*"

Sam and John, employees of the express company, loaded every piece they could possibly put on the truck and had all on except the box containing the anti-toxin. They

tried to find a place for it, but there was no room. John put his big finger under each letter in "*DIPHThERIA ANTI-TOXIN*" and tried to figure out what it was. His face was serious and his mouth, half open with astonishment, displayed his big, white teeth.

"What am dat, Sam?" he asked.

Sam, who was also trying to make out what it was, replied, "Dat are—dat are—is some kind—er—dynamite."

As the train came into the station, Sam tried to pull the truck out to meet it, but the front wheels struck the iron carpet strip, which formed a track for the large doors of the shipping room. He tried three times to pull the truck over the strip but failed. John was carrying the box in his hand, but he set it down and the two men pushed the truck to the train, leaving the box on the floor.

In the afternoon, when the representative of the Medo Drug Company called to trace the package, he found it where the men had left it.

After the express agent made an investigation, he said: "The men had more than they could handle."

"Then why didn't you put on another man?"

"It's economy to do the work with two men, even if we leave a package occasionally."

The druggist's representative pointed to the box which was in plain view.

"*Do you* think competent men would leave a package marked like that?" he asked.

"They are the most competent men I can get for twelve dollars per week, which is all the company is willing to pay."

"Isn't the main object of your business to serve the public?"

"Our main object is to make money and serve the public if we can."

With an expression of defiance on his face the druggist's representative turned to leave.

"I'll see that it goes on the next express," the express agent said.

The expression on the face of the druggist's representative softened. "All right, please do," he replied and walked away.

True to his promise the express agent shipped the package the next morning and it was delivered in good shape to the branch road that ran through Orlando and connected with the main line to New York.

George, the expressman and baggage master on the branch road to Orlando, was a fat, beefy man, with a weak face. He received the

anti-toxin and with it a package which he thought to be whiskey, shipped in violation of the law. He opened the package, took from it a part of its contents, and wrote—"I took ten and left you two. Don't tell on me and I'll not tell on you," then placed the note in the package and nailed it up.

At South Orlando, which was just two miles from Orlando, there was a little wooden station where express was transferred to another road. When the train reached South Orlando, a shabbily dressed man was there to receive and care for the express. As the car did not open at once, he pounded on the door until he aroused George from his drunkenness. He opened the door and handed out the anti-toxin with the other express, then made things right with the man by giving him one of the ten bottles.

After the doctor had telephoned for the anti-toxin, he told Warren he would meet the train the next afternoon and bring the package out as soon as it arrived. Warren went back and helped his mother until it was time to go to the mill, but Mrs. Preston continued to keep cold cloths to Edna's throat until the doctor arrived in the afternoon.


There was only one express train a day from

New York to Orlando and when the doctor found the express package had not come he knew that the twenty-four hours' delay would be dangerous. He carried a block of ice out with him as quickly as possible. On his arrival, he found Edna's condition serious but told Mrs. Preston if the anti-toxin came the next day she would recover.

That night Edna was very restless and Mrs. Preston and Warren were busy all night putting ice cloths to her forehead and keeping ice around her throat. Mrs. Preston did not sleep any and Warren slept very little.

As they had bought their furniture on a credit, Warren continued his work at the mill in the day, but Mrs. Preston could not continue her sewing, so when Mrs. Schmidt came for her fitting and found it was not ready, she was indignant because she had not been notified. She went into a fit of anger and with no consideration for Mrs. Preston, she began stamping the floor, shrugging her shoulders, and throwing her hands and arms in wild gestures, as she spoke in broken English close into Mrs. Preston's face.

Mrs. Preston had told her of Edna's sickness, but finding her unreasonable she maintained her dignity by delivering the package



as she had received it and opened the door for Mrs. Schmidt to make her exit.

The second time Doctor Brogden met the train and found the package had not come, he was infuriated. He telephoned the Medo Drug Company to find out the particulars, had the shipment duplicated, then secured more ice and hurried out at once.

He found Mrs. Preston almost exhausted, as she had been on her feet continually for two days and nights, all the while watching her child constantly growing weaker.

"Did the medicine come, Doctor?" she asked.

"No—but—perhaps it isn't too late."

The hesitation destroyed any consoling effect his reply might have had, so she sank into a chair, buried her face in her hands, and quivered with grief. After examining Edna, the doctor injected a hypodermic into Mrs. Preston's arm, then gave the child a sponge bath.

When Warren returned from his work Mrs. Preston was beginning to feel the effects of the hypodermic. As he smiled and kissed her she put her hand on his back and patting him, said: "My little soldier."

He paused but a moment then went to Edna



and kissed her burning cheek as she gave him a faint smile of recognition. He put a cold cloth to her forehead and relieved the doctor who went to see some other patients.

After the doctor had gone, the hypodermic lost its effect and Mrs. Preston fainted before finishing the supper dishes. Laddy saw her fall and ran to Warren, pulled at his trousers, barked, and ran back. Warren followed the dog and found his mother in a swoon on the floor. He bathed her face with ice water until she recovered, then put her on his bed, held her hand, and whispered "Mother—mother," in her ear. She smiled and he finished putting her to bed then sank to his knees in silent prayer.

A moment later he went to Edna and found Laddy had followed them from the kitchen and was holding his nose against her cheek, but as Warren approached, the dog lay down beside the bed where he remained.

After refilling the ice packs and attending to Edna he picked up a piece of paper and attached it to the lamp in such a way as to keep the light from his mother's face. He then finished the dishes and returned to Edna, determined to keep the work up all night.

Mrs. Preston had a restless night, with a violent headache and some fever, but Warren

made her as comfortable as possible. He was very tired and knew his mother was exhausted but hoped she would get to sleep and thought after a little rest she would be able to relieve him.

The next afternoon Doctor Brogden met the train and received both boxes of anti-toxin, then put them in the car and drove out at once. When he arrived, Edna's throat was closing and she was reaching with her little arms and grabbing at her throat with her hands as she struggled for breath.

When the doctor looked at her, Warren knew, from the expression on his face, that he had lost hope. He hurried to inject the anti-toxin, but before he could do so the child's throat closed completely and she was in a desperate death struggle. Warren removed the ice packs and tried to arrange the pillows in a more comfortable position, but she threw her weight on her head and feet, suspended her body in the air and drew her little hands to her throat. Then she permitted her body to fall back on the bed, drew her knees to her stomach, jerked her arms and tossed her head, but at last she relaxed and her little arms dropped to her side, the right hand hanging limp on the edge of the bed.

For a moment Warren and the doctor stood silent, looking at her still form. Laddy got up from the bedside and began licking her hand, then looked at the doctor with a question in his eyes, which seemed to say: "Can't you help her?" Mrs. Preston made a restless movement and Warren went to his mother, while the doctor sank helplessly into a chair at the bedside and leaned forward as he supported his head with his hand. The withered dogwood blossoms and wild flowers which Edna had gathered still hung on the walls.

While the doctor was gazing at the flowers in a helpless stupor Warren came over and asked: "Does a soldier quit fighting when his brother is killed?" As he asked the question, the expression on his face was one of defiance and determination, and showed that the experience was strengthening his character. The doctor looked at him with astonishment. His big jaws, firm lips, large steel-gray eyes set far back beneath his high forehead, his manly little shoulders and every muscle in his body showed he was going to fight like a soldier with every ounce of his being to save his mother, who was all to him.

The doctor folded the sister's hands and

pulled the sheet over her face, while Laddy, who had continued to lick her hand intermittently, lay down beside the bed.

Warren removed the cloth from his mother's brow and was about to replace it with a cold one when Mrs. Preston, aroused from her stupor, opened her eyes and saw the doctor folding Edna's hands. The horror of it all threw her into hysterics and she went wild. Raising herself up in bed with a wild expression in her face and in her eyes, she began tossing her arms, tearing at the cover, and jerking in an effort to get loose from Warren who was trying to hold her on the bed. Her thick, raven-black hair increased the horror of the scene, as she threw her head and tossed it from side to side across Warren's heroic face. At last a clot of blood formed on her brain and she passed away.

Warren knelt beside her with his face buried in his arms and his body quivering with grief. He had fought like a soldier to the last ditch with every ounce of energy he possessed; for more than sixty hours he had been continually fighting without sleep and had wilted under the strain. His sobs aroused Laddy, who went to his side, raised his head, and howled dolefully, then waited a moment and howled again.

Warren put his arm around the dog's neck and pulled him to his side.

The doctor, who had been sitting in a stupor with his elbow on his knee and his head resting on his hand, gave Warren a hypodermic and within a few minutes he was asleep.

As the doctor folded Mrs. Preston's arms and pulled the sheet over her face, he recalled what the Medo Drug Company had told him and he said to himself:

"If the express company had increased the pay a small amount to secure a little more competent help, this tragedy would never have happened! It is a shame and a crime to humanity to permit the arteries of the life of a nation to be choked for the financial gain of a few individuals!"

## CHAPTER IV

### SHIRKING RESPONSIBILITIES

**W**ARREN sold the furniture, to reduce his obligations, and carried Laddy with him to a boarding house in the mill district. He then began the task of paying his debts from his small wages of six dollars a week.

At Doctor Brogden's request, the Medo Drug Company had their representative, Mr. Grant, prepare a claim for the cost of the anti-toxin and present it to the express company for collection.

Mr. Jackson, the agent for the Erie Express Company, at the station which had received the anti-toxin, was a middle-aged man with a kind, honest face. When he received the papers from Mr. Grant giving all the details concerning the claim, he read them with interest. He knew how the package had missed the first train and the receipts together with the doctor's affidavit showed when the packages were delivered and the results of the delay.

From the expression on Mr. Jackson's face as he read the claim, Mr. Grant knew he had his sympathy. "Will you sign this letter, Mr. Jackson?" he asked as he handed him the paper:

New York,

.....1904.

CLAIM DEPARTMENT,  
Erie Express Co., N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:

This is to certify that I consider the claim of the Medo Drug Company, amounting to thirty-two dollars for two shipments of anti-toxin to Orlando a just one, and on account of the conditions, as set forth in the claim, I recommend payment of same.

Yours respectfully,

.....Local Agent.

After reading the letter, Mr. Jackson returned it, saying: "If I signed that, someone in my department would have the claim to pay."

Mr. Grant, indignant, put the papers in his brief case. "For such gross carelessness they should be made to pay."

Mr. Jackson took no offence at this attitude, for he realized that the claim was just.

"The boys can get what we pay them anywhere, any day, so they would quit rather

than pay the claim. I am trying to support a family and educate five children on eighteen hundred dollars a year, so it would be taking bread from my own children for me to pay it."

Rising to his feet, Mr. Grant remarked: "The company should pay it." The personality of each of the men attracted the other, and as Mr. Jackson accepted Mr. Grant's hand in parting, he said:

"Let me tell you something in confidence. I have worked for this company twenty-two years and if you repeat this it will cost me my position. This company pays nothing unless they are forced to by the courts. They trace the cause—and then make the employee pay!"

Mr. Grant then sent the claim to the Claim Department of the Erie Express Company. Mr. Von Herbert, attorney for that department, was a big blond about forty-five years of age, with a thick neck which resembled that of a beast. Deep lines, starting on each side of his nose, made ugly curves down his face and made it seem impossible for him to smile. His high chin gave him a haughty appearance and luxurious wealth was evident in his dress, office furnishings, and surroundings.

As Von Herbert entered his office a rather good-looking Irish girl was standing up polish-



ing the brass cover to his cuspidor. He did not speak but gave her a look of scorn for not having the office in order. When he turned his back, the girl looked at him with contempt and said, in an undertone: "The brute!"

Mr. Von Herbert secured from his secretary the auditor's annual report on his department and carried it into the office of Mr. Gladstone, the president of the company. He handed Mr. Gladstone the report, to which was attached a letter to the advisory committee and then discussed the details of his department and finished saying:

"With my system, we have so many letter forms we wear a claim out writing about it. A large part of the people are so ignorant they cannot answer these letters and most claims are too small to pay an attorney to collect them."

When the advisory committee met, Mr. Gladstone told them what he had found in the auditor's report and then read the following letter:

New York, June 16, 1904.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE:

The auditor's report, to which this is attached, shows that my services for the fiscal year just ended saved the company more than one million dollars net.

In view of the above fact, I feel justified in requesting that my salary (which is now only seventy-five thousand dollars) be increased to one hundred thousand dollars per year.

Thanking you in advance for a favourable consideration to this request, I am,

Faithfully yours,

E. VON HERBERT.

The first committeeman said: "On the basis of the auditor's report, I move Mr. Von Herbert's salary be increased, as requested."

The second man said: "I believe we should pay a man ten per cent. of what he saves the company, and, therefore, I second the motion."

The third, a man with white hair and grave, strong face, rose slowly from his chair. "I feel it our duty," he said, "to see if the company is justified in denying so many claims. Every time we pay a man one dollar when he is entitled to two, or deny paying a claim because it is too small to cause litigation, we make an enemy. Therefore, I move we table the matter until further investigation."

The fourth said:

"The object of the directors when they employed council for the claim department was to stay within the law and save every dollar we

could, which has been done, and the savings are far beyond their expectations; therefore, I am in favour of raising the salary to a hundred thousand dollars."

On account of Mr. Jackson's long, faithful service and his daughter's competence, Mr. Gladstone had given her a position as his secretary. She recorded the minutes of the meeting, and the contrast between the surroundings of her father and those of Mr. Von Herbert was so great, that the one-hundred-thousand-dollar salary, which was granted, created a burning and lasting impression in her mind.

After a few months Doctor Brogden received the following letter:

New York, October 10, 1904.

DOCTOR BROGDEN,  
Orlando, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

After answering all of the numerous circular letter forms of the Erie Express Co., and getting a final refusal to pay for the anti-toxin, we sent the documents to Mr. Gladstone, President of the Company, and requested a settlement. Mr. Gladstone has referred all of the papers to Mr. Von Herbert, their attorney. It might be advisable for you to see Mr. Von Herbert in person.

Yours sincerely,

MEDO DRUG CO.

When Doctor Brogden received the letter, it recalled to his memory the sacrifice Warren's father had made for his country and the hardships which that sacrifice had put on Warren. As a matter of principle, he wanted to see the express company pay for the anti-toxin so he decided to go to New York as suggested, but before going he went out to see Warren, and found him still working in the mill.

During Warren's long period of loneliness Laddy had been a great comfort to him. On Sunday afternoons, when he felt too sad to associate with the other boys, he would take Laddy for long strolls through the near-by fields and woods. During the working days, Laddy seemed more lonely than Warren. He always followed him to the mill and would lie on the mill steps and wait for him until he came out at noon and at night. When cold weather came he went back to a warm place Warren had arranged for him, but he never failed to be at the mill door to meet his master as he came from his work.

After hearing Doctor Brogden's statement in detail, Mr. Von Herbert said: "Your claim might appeal to an institution of charity, but we cannot recognize it, and we do not believe you have any legal grounds which will entitle

you to collect the claim. However, should you care to resort to the courts that is your privilege."

"No," Doctor Brogden replied, being thoroughly disgusted with the man. "If your company maintains these elegant offices and pays you a salary to swindle the people out of such just claims, they can take the claim, like Judas took the thirty pieces of silver." His expression was more indignant than his words.

As he went from Von Herbert's office to the station he passed a large second-hand book store on Worth Street on the window of which was a sign:

WANTED, A BRIGHT BOY.

After an interview with the manager, who had an unusual and pleasant face, the doctor secured the place for Warren.

## CHAPTER V

### FRIENDS MUST PART

**W**HEN Doctor Brogden spoke to Warren about coming to New York, described the possibilities and wonders of the city and told him of the success of Carnegie, who began life as a mill operative, it aroused him, gave him hope, and made him happy, although the doctor had explained many of the difficulties.

Warren was eager to begin life in a new place, so he detached his father's card from the watch he had given him and sold the watch to pay his debts, then packed all of his belongings in a flour sack which he carried under his arm, told Doctor Brogden and his friends good-bye, and brought Laddy with him to his new work.

When he arrived at the book store the manager sent one of the delivery boys with him to find a boarding house. He found a fat, shabbily dressed but good-natured Irish woman who had a spare bunk in a small room which was already occupied by five other boys. The room had only one window on

which the sun never shone, and on each side of the window were three bunks one over the other.

“Do I get clean sheets every week?” Warren asked after examining the linen.

“Well, faith an’ I generally try to wash the sheets ivery week—but most of the boys rath’r wait two weeks than to sleep next to the mattress while the sheets are dryin’, but if you want thim I’ll give thim to you.”

“Well, I’ll want them,” he replied.

“You see, I has nice big nails in the wall to hang y’ur clothes on. Ivery boy has a nail for hisself so you won’t git the shirts mixed—you know how boys are.” The woman smiled as they were about to leave the room.

Warren had looked all day and this was the best place he could find for what he was able to pay. The woman finally consented to give Laddy a trial, which was quite an inducement, so he decided to stay.

She only gave two meals a day, and if they did not have Irish stew they had peas, so Warren ate Irish stew until he whistled like an Irishman. The vermin annoyed him, and after he had tried to sleep one night next to his mattress, he had the same horror of waiting for the sheets to dry as the other boys, so he

decided it was better to have a clean sheet every two weeks.

His first duties were to assist in taking books from boxes, cataloguing and placing them in shelves. While doing this work he found a book on the life of Lincoln and asked permission to read it. In response to his request, the manager gave him the book and the privilege of reading anything in the store.

The store made a practice of buying second-hand libraries, and Warren was often sent to some of the best homes to pack and care for the books. Once he was sent to a large estate where seventy-two servants were employed and when he returned he told his manager the place was not a home, but a large boarding house where the boarders were paid to wait on each other and to be called servants.

He spent his holidays visiting the parks, zoos, libraries, art galleries, and other points of interest. Laddy was permitted to sleep beside his bunk, and things went well until the dog developed a habit of going out for a stroll. As a matter of protection, the other occupants of the room insisted on the window being lowered from the top, so when Laddy wanted to get out he would bark for Warren to raise the window.



One night when the dog was barking the boys yelled: "Shut up"—"Put him out and keep him out"—"I'm gettin' tired of dat damn dog." Warren raised the window and let the dog out and one of the boys began nailing the window down. The kind woman heard the boys quarrelling and came in in her nightgown to quiet them, her hair down, her feet and ankles bare, and the thin garment exposing the shaking of her flesh as she walked.

"Stop—stop, sure an' what's the matter, bhoys?" she asked.

"They are trying to keep my dog out," Warren replied.

"And we're goin' to leave dis place if he don't stay out," one of them retorted, while others began snickering at her comical form. She liked Laddy and tried to persuade the boys to let him stay, but they insisted and the five began dressing and gathering up their things to go.

"No!—don't go, boys, sure an' this is the only way I got of makin' a livin'," she said.

"No—boys, I'll go," Warren remarked, then packed his clothes into his flour sack, paid the woman, and left with Laddy at his side.

The next morning, when the manager came to open the book store, he found Warren sit-

ting on his sack beside the door, with the dog close up between his legs, shivering from the cold. "Can I sleep on that burlap in the shipping room?" he asked the manager, then told of his experience with Laddy at the boarding house.

Feeling sorry for Warren, the manager granted his request. Warren liked this arrangement much better, for he was fond of reading, and at night he would sit on a box, beside a drop light, and read until late. Laddy stayed right at Warren's heels all the time he was in the store, and soon became the pet of all the employees.

But Laddy was a large dog and the store was crowded, so he was in the way. The manager was paying a rental of thirty dollars per square foot for the store and the space occupied by Laddy was costing him fifty cents a day, so he presently explained this to Warren.

"Our customers haven't room to stand while they are waited on, so in addition to the expense, we need the space. I have to ask you to dispose of the dog at once, though I am very sorry to see you give him up."

"Is space so valuable in New York that I can't have a pet?" Warren protested.

"Do you see other people of your means having them?"

Warren had not realized before the value of space in New York, so that night, while he and Laddy were alone in the store, he figured out the number of square feet his wages would pay rent on. It was a little more than a square yard. He marked the space off on the floor with chalk and marvelled how insignificant his earnings were. At the wages he was making, it would take him until he was forty years old to pay for enough land for his grave, provided he could live on five cents a year. Then he understood why buildings were twenty stories high and the street cars ran underground.

The next day, he came out of a dog store with Laddy at his side. Looking up and admiring his master the dog asked in his dumb way: "Why is this strange man holding the leash which is fastened to my neck?"

When they reached the sidewalk, Warren patted him on the head and said: "Good-bye, old pal—good-bye, old friend—good—true—faithful—and watchful dog, good-bye." As Warren started off, Laddy pulled at the leash to follow, but finding he was held fast he whined, then barked. This was more than

Warren could stand so he came back and Laddy put his front feet on his breast, as if he thought by getting his eyes close to his master's face he could better persuade him.

As Warren looked into the dog's face, the mournful eyes seemed to ask him:

"Have I not been faithful when I was hungry and you were not able to feed me? Did I not lick Edna's hand in an effort to restore her to life? Did I not stand by you until the last bit of earth was piled on your mother's grave? Have I not waited in the cold for you at the mill door? Have I not slept at your bedside when your heart was bleeding with grief? Are you not leaving me because I loved you so I stayed by your side? Am I to be disappointed in you and forced to find a new friend and master in my few remaining old days? Oh, please don't leave me!"

These dumb appeals tested Warren's strength to the uttermost, but he had a higher purpose in life and this sacrifice was necessary to reach his goal. He fondly patted the dog's back, hugged him, and turned away. "God never intended for people to pay thirty dollars a square foot for rent of land and I'm going to change it," he sobbed.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE LIFE OF A SPARROW

**I**N ORDER to secure an unusual rosebud, Miss Grace Stanton had worked her way into the centre of a large rosebush. She heard a fluttering noise at her feet, and looking down she saw a cat, crouched and ready to spring on a little sparrow which had just begun to fly. Mr. Stanton, President of the "Big Five" and known to be one of the biggest railroad magnates in the world, had followed her into the garden. She was his only child, and he was deeply interested in her sports and everything she did. He noticed the excitement, and Grace's quick movements amused him.

With a cane and cigar in his hand and still watching Grace, he was about to be seated on his wife's Pekingese dog. Mrs. Stanton snatched the dog from under him before he hurt it but the sudden jerk made the dog howl, which provoked Mrs. Stanton's anger. She had been married only a couple of years

and still possessed some of the traits of an old maid. After she had quieted the dog her temper subsided and she joined Mr. Stanton in watching Grace, the cat, and the sparrow. Grace's stamp frightened the cat and the sparrow flew a few yards from under the bush, but the cat's eyes were still on it.

When Mr. Von Villard, a friend of the Stantons, stopped his limousine in front of their home, his footman opened the door of the car and he got out to pay his respects to Mr. and Mrs. Stanton and to ask Miss Grace to join him for a ride.

He had been educated in one of the best universities in Europe, and had spent several seasons in America, before the war, as a cotton buyer; so as soon as the war was over he returned to America to reestablish trade. He had been a close friend of Mr. Stanton for some time and was welcomed as a prospective member of the family.

Grace rescued the sparrow and placed it in the palm of her hand, where it stood up and gasped for breath, until her caressing voice banished its fear. Her smile of triumph displayed her white even teeth and full lips, while her cheeks were flushed with excitement.

As she approached, her father and mother

were greeting Mr. Von Villard, who turned to speak: "Good afternoon, Miss Grace."

"Look at my sparrow!" she said, after returning his compliment, "the painters frightened it from its nest and I had a time protecting it from the cat—will you put it back in its nest?"

"Ha—do you suppose I'll bother with sparrows?" he asked as he leaned on his cane and smiled.

Grace's beautiful brown eyes showed surprise as she looked at Von Villard, then stroked the bird's beak with her finger, and asked: "Wouldn't you consider the heart-aches of its mother?"

"Give the bird to the cat—life is simply a survival of the fittest."

"Are you quoting from Shakespeare or Solomon?" Grace asked.

"I think Chaucer was the first to express the proverb in English. Give the bird to the cat and let's go for a ride."

She glanced down at her house dress then looked at her mother, while her father, moved by her tender appeal, called the gardener and requested him to execute her wishes. At Mr. Stanton's suggestion all were seated, except Grace, who went with the gardener to see the sparrow put in its nest.

"I think, Mr. Von Villard, Miss Grace had better ask you to postpone your invitation to some other day," Mrs. Stanton remarked, "because her dress isn't suitable for riding. But won't you stay and have dinner with us?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Stanton, I have a business engagement that prevents my staying for dinner, but I'll remain for a little while," he replied.

Mr. Von Villard was about thirty-five years old, of medium height and rather slender build, with a bullet-shaped head the profile of which tapered sharply from the tip of his nose back to his hair. When he met six men from his native country for a conference in his elegantly furnished offices that evening he pounded the desk with his fist, and said:

"Under the guise of Socialism we must stir up strife between capital and labour in America until our country can get back on its feet and regain our commercial trade. I want you to hear Mr. Baronsky rehearse a speech I have prepared for him."

The men cheered, some knocking with their canes on the floor, others clapping their hands.

Mr. Baronsky, a dark Russian of medium build, entered from the adjoining room, handed his typewritten speech to Von Villard, and



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began speaking. He was neatly dressed, had a cunning look, and had a splendid voice for speaking. When he had finished rehearsing his speech he was excused from the room and the men continued to perfect their plans.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE NAKED TRUTH

**A**FTER Warren grew older he had gone to a law school at night, and studied faithfully till he was admitted to the bar and began practising law. Before he had had time to work up a practice America had entered the war and he had answered the call as a volunteer to the officers' training camp, where he received the rank of "first lieutenant." He had been later promoted for his courage to the rank of "captain," given three stripes for his twenty months' service overseas, and had received several medals for his bravery.

But as soon as he could receive an honourable discharge he had purchased a cheap suit, put his uniform and medals away, and opened a law office in the living room of an old-time residence on the East Side. In the centre of the room was a cheap table over which hung an old-fashioned gas light fixture. The bookcases, which consisted of shelves erected by some cheap carpenter, were filled with second-

hand law books given him by the manager of the book store in which he had worked.

One evening, while walking on the streets, he noticed a large crowd gathered around a "soap-box orator," who was holding their attention and speaking with great force. Evidently the gathering had been going on for some time for reporters from all the papers were there taking notes. "Who is the speaker?" Warren asked one of the journalists.

"A Socialist by the name of Baronsky," the reporter replied.

Warren listened to the speaker's harangue:

"The capitalists have placed such a high price on real estate that a working man cannot make enough in a lifetime to buy a home in this town, even if he could live on half of his wages, and they continue to raise the rents. They live in luxurious, palatial homes and keep from ten to fifty servants, but the working man's family is crowded in small rooms with poor ventilation, and his children have no place to play. The streets are so crowded a man cannot stop on them without the police ordering him to move on.

"The capitalists go pleasure riding in handsome limousines down the avenues in the bright sun, but labour must travel to and from

work under the ground like moles, in cars more crowded than those carrying cattle to the slaughter house. The rich live off of the fat of the land while the children of the working men cry for milk and bread. They give their wives fur coats, some of which cost fifteen thousand dollars, while the children of the labouring man shiver from the cold. They decorate their wives with jewels that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, while the labourer's wife uses her hands for eight dollars per week to scrub their office floors and their cuspidors.

"The street railways pay one president seventy-five thousand dollars per year to break the company and another ninety thousand to write cards, asking the public to excuse the service and to pay higher fares. But labour had to strike and stop the service before it could get a living wage. Capitalists are now asking the city for authority to collect an eight-cent carfare to enable them to pay a rental of twenty per cent. on a lot of watered stock, and they will get it!—Why will they get it? Because in this country capital gets everything it asks for."

"You said it!" came a chorus from the audience.

"There are more men in this country," Baronsky continued, "who are bigger and richer than in any country on earth and within another twenty years their holdings will be doubled for they are making more than five per cent. on their investments and within forty years the trusts will own this country. The beef trust was not satisfied to control the beef market but began handling grape juice. The business of the poor old shoe cobbler will soon be in the hands of a trust.

"Half of the people to whom I am speaking can neither read nor write. Twenty-five per cent. of the soldiers who were drafted into service and who went to France to bleed and die for this country could neither write a letter home nor read one they received in France from their mothers, wives, or sweethearts. Capital scorns at Social Government, which is of labour, for labour, and by labour, and hails the American Government, which is of the plutocrat, for the plutocrat, and by the plutocrat. How long will labour stand for it? Is there a man among you with nerve enough to speak? Will you speak now while the trusts control the milk for your babies or will you wait until they control the undertakers' business?"

Baronsky had succeeded in working his audience into a fever of hate. One man, who gave his name as Ferguson, was almost in tears.

When Warren and the reporters tried to console him he shouted: "It's true! It's true! Ev'ry word of it's true! Come with me and I'll show you it's true!"

Two reporters followed Ferguson to see what he had to show them, while Warren, seeing that for want of a better reason the people were blaming capital for their miserable condition, mounted the soap-box with the idea of consoling them. He stood silent for a moment and studied their faces, then began speaking in a calm manner:

"I drink with you the dregs from the cup of poverty. I have lived with you in a district so crowded I could not keep my dog. Now my dog and my loved ones are all gone. Still—there is one thing yet for me to live for, and that is the flag for which I fought on the fields of Flanders. The foundation of the Government of which that flag is an emblem rests on the fact that 'The voice of the people is the voice of God.' Every four years that flag gives the people the right to speak through the ballot box and guarantees that the voice

of the majority shall be heard. Labour has suffered and is now suffering for the want of laws of protection, and through the ballot we are going to make those laws. I love that grand old flag, because it guarantees to labour an equal right with capital to speak through the ballot box. Never yet has it upheld a law that was an imposition on labour, and will it? No! Never—never—never.”

He shook his head and spoke with vehemence.

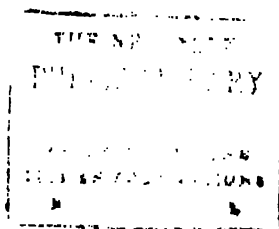
The crowd roared with applause so that he had to pause for silence before he could continue.

“Most capitalists were at one time labourers, and they are not different at heart from us. But God made all men more or less selfish and grasping, so we must not expect them to be different. You have just been told that capital is the cause of the congested districts in which we live. I believe the man was honest who made this statement and wants to help us, for I can see no other motive for him. There is much truth in what he said with regard to our suffering condition, but capital is not to blame any more than you or I. *Our freight rate system is the cause of the congested districts and much suffering among the slums.*



*"Our freight rate system is the cause of our congested districts and much suffering among the slums"*





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"It is the advantage this city has in freight rates that has caused the people to gather here from the four corners of the earth; that has raised the price of land and advanced our rents to where they are unreasonable. The people have come to get advantage of these freight rates until the surface street cars could not accommodate them. The city then built elevated street railways, and the people came until it was necessary to build subways. These became crowded, and the city built more subways. Now these subways are so crowded that big men are employed to push the people into the cars so they can close the doors.

"On account of the advantage this city has in freight rates, if it were to double the capacity of its street railways, in less than ten years they would be crowded just as they are to-day. Our rents would be doubled. The water system would have to be doubled. Land would double in value, and taxes would have to be doubled to pay for the improvements necessary to provide for the increase, and the burden would fall on the people.

"You have been told the subways will get the fare raised to eight cents. I tell you they will not, unless the people speak through the

ballot box and say they can have it, and this the people will never do. The subways have dealt in futures and have lost—not because the people are unfair, but on account of their own grasping disposition when they exchanged their old contracts for new ones. The people demand justice from capital and labour alike.”

Warren continued his argument to prove the suffering in the slums was due more to congestion caused directly by advantage in freight rates than it was to capital.

Ferguson and the two reporters who followed him walked up two flights of rickety stairs in a dark hallway and entered a long, narrow room.

In the centre of the room was a drop light the wires of which were exposed, and on each side of the only window were three bunks one over the other. At the foot of the six bunks was a wire, stretched across the room, which supported light ragged cotton curtains that divided the room. In one corner were a stove, a cupboard, and a few cooking utensils. Three patched-up chairs, and a table covered with oilcloth, on each side of which was a bench, completed the furnishings of the crowded room.

As the men entered, a little two-year-old

child who was playing with the strings of its mother's shoes at the foot of the bunks got up and met them jabbering: "Dad—dad—dad." Ferguson picked up the child, kissed it, held it on his arm, and went to one of the lower bunks where Mrs. Ferguson was lying. He pulled back the ragged cover and exposed a young, naked babe. "On dat bunk less dan two weeks ago my babe was born. We never get de sunlight and dat is our only view."

Mrs. Ferguson smiled as the babe put its fists in its eyes to protect them from the light, and the reporters looked through the only window into a closed airshaft with a lot of clothes hanging on lines from the fire escapes!

At the other end of the room a little eight-year-old girl was amusing her two smaller brothers by jumping them from the bench to the floor as fast as they could climb on the bench.

Ferguson walked to the table, pulled the benches out, and the three men were seated. The children immediately climbed on their father's lap and clung about his neck.

"On the fields of Get'sburg my grand-daddy died to save the Union. I was born and raised here. I had to work to feed my mother

and I can't read nor write. If I had been younger I'd 'a' fought in de big war. My child'en have no place to play. The girl has to help at home, an' so she don't go to school. I can't do heavy work. I drive a milk wagon and got to stay here to get de only kind o' work I can do."

He pulled the little children close in his arms, then looking in the face of the reporters, he asked:

"Should these little souls have been murdered before they were born? Is a working man like me to go without a child's love? Or shall I hear them cry for bread? I'm not able to pay someone to stay with my wife, so I been gettin' up at two o'clock in de mornings trying to do her work and then drive my wagon."

He began looking for some tobacco and the reporters gave him a cigarette and offered him some money.

"No. I don't want your money: I haven't worked for it, and I won't beg. I'll not work for a living and beg for it, too—and I'll not steal. I'll fight, by God, I'll fight! Damn this Government! No Government could be worse—anything will be better."

Ferguson had been worrying over his condition and losing so much sleep that he was almost

crazy. But the reporters pacified him the best they could: then went up the street in time to hear Warren close his speech.

"Are you a Socialist?" some of the reporters asked.

"I have just been asked if I am a Socialist?" Warren shouted. "If you will meet me at Gramercy Park Wednesday afternoon at six o'clock I'll tell you whether I am a Socialist or not."

## CHAPTER VIII

### AM I A SOCIALIST?

**T**HE next morning the newspapers used big headlines to attract attention to the account of the speaking, and two of them reported Ferguson's condition in detail. From reading these accounts the leaders of the two big political parties knew that Warren would be a power to reckon with in the next election, so members of both parties were sent to call on him and to get his views. Each party hesitated to endorse his policy but was anxious to hold a position from which they could endorse him later, if they desired. So those conditions resulted in both parties appointing citizens to raise money to prepare a stand for the speaking Wednesday night.

The newspaper accounts interested Mr. Von Villard, for he was eager to know the effect Baronsky's speech had had on the people and the effect Warren's influence would have on Baronsky's efforts. He was anxious to hear Warren on Wednesday night but did not wish

to break his engagement with Miss Stanton for that purpose: so that evening he paid the Stantons an informal call and as he greeted Mr. Stanton, he asked: "Did you read the attack labour has made on capital? The only thing for capital to do is to close up shop until the fools come to their senses."

"Do you think it so serious as that?" Mr. Stanton remarked as he rested his hand on his chair and invited all to be seated. As the conversation continued Grace frequently asked questions, showing considerable interest.

"There's going to be another speaking Wednesday at six," Von Villard remarked, "and if you wish to go I'll come in time to take you. It might be interesting and is sure to be exciting."

"Yes, I'll be delighted. What time will you come for me? May I go, Dad?" Grace asked without a pause for an answer.

On Wednesday afternoon at six o'clock Grace and Von Villard occupied camp stools in the fourth row from the stand, the other seats were filled to their capacity; the reporters were in the places provided for them and all were ready for the speaking to start on time. As Warren greeted the people they cheered with enthusiasm. "I wish all who

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believe the Government should continue to own its public buildings and deliver the mail to clap their hands," he said after the cheering had subsided.

All clapped their hands except Von Villard, at which Grace whispered, "You believe that—you know you do—then why don't you help us nip his theory in the bud?" But before she could receive an answer Warren continued:

"How many would like to see our public highways, bridges, streets, and schools turned over to private corporations? How many believe the Government should continue to own and operate the Panama Canal, the Roosevelt Dam, and the irrigation systems of the West? Who believes the Government should continue its present parcel delivery system? How many would like to see the Government increase the size of the parcel? How many have given the size of the parcel a thought?"

As Warren paused for the audience to answer these questions Grace decided each of them for herself and surprised Von Villard by always being one of the first to begin the clapping. When Warren asked how many would like to see the size of the parcel in-

creased Grace whispered to Von Villard: "He makes you think," but he did not reply.

"If Government ownership of property is Socialism," the speaker continued, "we are all Socialists, but of different degrees. I ask no man to divide his wealth or the fruits of his labour with me. I believe in the home and private ownership of all property, which does not strangle life. But the railroads are the arteries of the life of this nation, and the trunk lines are its jugular veins. I have seen with my own eyes a child and its mother die on account of incompetent transportation. I realize, probably more than any one, the importance of having competent and well-paid men in every branch of the transportation system.

"I do believe in Government ownership of the railroads, because that is the only plan that will stand the test of justice to all, but I will not chase rainbows in the form of Bolshevism or Socialism. Our cause is just, and one of the big parties will hear the cry of our poor, hungry souls and that will be the party for us. What we need is to let the people know of our suffering and they will come to our aid more quickly than our Gov-

ernment sent its soldiers to France to die in battle for those foreign souls. When the people know how our citizens in the small towns and rural districts have been imposed upon; when they know how this imposition has caused real estate and rents in the large cities to advance; and when they learn of the unjust freight rates the railroads have established; then they will no longer suffer any group of men, all of whom are naturally selfish and grasping, to hold these arteries of life in their hands and manipulate them for their own profit.

“Every student of political economy will tell you that our high rents and crowded districts are due to the demand of the people to live in these districts, and this demand is due directly or indirectly to the advantage these districts have in freight rates. If it is not so why does the Chamber of Commerce in every large city continue to work for better rates? There never has been and there is not to-day a city in the world with two hundred thousand inhabitants that is not situated on navigable waters. Before railroads came into existence, there was an excuse for cities situated on the water being congested, but now there is no excuse.

"The natural wealth in the Pittsburgh district is greater than Philadelphia, but Philadelphia, on account of her freight rates, has three times the population. Boston has splendid harbours and is older than New York: both cities are practically the same distance from Albany through which a great deal of the commerce of the West passes en route to Europe, but on account of the freight rates New York has five times the population. When the railroads gave the large cities the special rates, which induced large manufacturing and warehouse plants to pay fabulous prices for sites, they were ignorant of the fact that the people must pay more for the manufactured articles in order to pay a dividend on the capital invested in these expensive sites.

"If the freight rates were only just and made on the basis of the cost of the service, the labour that is done by thirty-five per cent. of the people who live in the slums could be accomplished to better advantage in localities where one week's wages would buy a lot for a home. Then what a family now pays for five years' rent in the slums would build a house on that lot, and the children would have a place to play and live in the light of

God's glorious sun which purifies both mind and matter.

"People who oppose a freight rate based on the cost of service say it will check the growth of the large cities, and so it will. But what city is proud of its slums? You show me a man who will not blush at some of the horrors I can show him in this city, and I'll show you a criminal with a heart as cold as marble. The press hesitates to tell the public of the suffering in our slums for two reasons: first, they are ashamed of the conditions, and second, they are afraid it will provoke the wrath of the people. Even a judge of our courts has been so moved by the pathetic story of a mother who stole milk for her starving babe that he waived sentencing her to jail, although she confessed theft.

"It is these conditions in the slums which germinate anarchy and crime; therefore we must not condemn these people, fifty per cent. of whom can neither read nor write, for blaming capital for their suffering. For they know nothing about political economy or the cause of their misery, and have no way of learning of the donations made by Carnegie and other men of means for the good of humanity. Since they have not the necessities of life they can-

not attend the libraries or schools so they are not benefited by these institutions. The humiliation of becoming an object of charity is almost as horrible to them as going to prison. They know they could not possibly be in a worse condition and live, so they are willing to try any kind of a Government for a change."

After Warren had called attention to facts which proved that the freight-rate system was the cause of much suffering in the slums and cited many cases as an example he concluded with the following request:

"I beg each of you to go with a representative from some charity organization and see with your own eyes some of the suffering among the poor. It will be a hard duty to perform; it will subject you to contagious disease; the sights will haunt your very soul, and disturb your sleep for nights, but I ask you to do it for the sake of humanity. For then you will raise your voice to remove the cause before the slums in our cities become as horrible as some of those in the old cities of Europe.

"I challenge any man for a public debate on this matter, and if no one will meet me, my statements will be accepted as facts."

It was evident that Warren had thoroughly mastered his subject and the man that accepted his challenge would meet a mountain of strength. In stature he was a little more than six feet tall and well proportioned, with broad shoulders, full chest, and a neck that indicated strength without the slightest suggestion of a brute. His speech deeply impressed Grace who, turning to Von Villard, asked: "Why don't you accept his challenge?" but he gave no answer.

She watched Warren as he stepped from the stand into the aisle, almost at her side, to greet the enthusiastic people. Far back and beneath his thick, heavy eyebrows were a pair of large, steel-gray, intelligent eyes, with an electric look of defiance that was constantly changing to an expression of love and kindness. He had faced German cannon, shot and shell, he had led his little group of soldiers into battle at Château-Thierry, but Grace knew from a girl's instinct, that the man had never yet experienced the feeling of fear. As she passed, she extended her hand and their eyes met, each with a soft, gentle appeal that attracted the other, as steel attracts the magnet. Each had a sensation never before experienced, and neither could think of words

that expressed their emotions. They released their hands and continued to look into each other's eyes until Grace said shyly: "I enjoyed your speech immensely."

"It pleases me to know you enjoyed it," he remarked with a courteous smile.

But Von Villard, displeased at their greeting, caught the eyes of Grace and motioned for her to come on.

She had only taken three steps when she realized that she had not introduced herself and had made no arrangements for meeting again. She looked back, but Warren was shaking hands with someone else. She knew no one in the audience knew her and she had purposely avoided the reporters, so even if Warren desired he would have no way of discovering her identity. That night she thought and wondered if the currents in life would ever bring them together again, and if so when.



## CHAPTER IX

### FINDING A WAY

VON VILLARD had always found Grace light-hearted and full of life, with a keen sense of humour, but the night after the speaking he found her interested in only one subject, the condition of the poor. He knew she was fond of music and dancing and was always considered the favourite at such functions, so he tried to arouse her interest over a dance at the club, which he promised to give in her honour, but he was astounded at her reply when he asked her to furnish the names of those she wished to invite.

"I am afraid I won't enjoy it. I am sure I won't next week. When I think of the cost of a dance and how much relief that money would give to those who are slowly starving, I feel as if I'll never want to indulge in such extravagant amusement again."

"Now don't be silly. That man is from the slums. He doesn't amount to anything, and never will."

"Probably not," she quickly replied; "but if he had only had an opportunity, perhaps——"

They had reached the Stanton home, and Von Villard's footman interrupted her by opening the door of the limousine. They bade each other good-night, and Von Villard hurried to fill an appointment with the men who were coöperating with him in his work.

He was quick to tell them that Warren had destroyed the effect of Baronsky's propaganda, and the people were following Warren like sheep. The group were disappointed, but began to make other plans to further their purpose.

Their first move was to induce the railroad interest to accept Warren's challenge for a public debate, and Von Villard was selected to bring this about through his connection with Mr. Stanton. Their move was to launch a campaign to arouse labour and promote strikes in industries where the unions had the most strength, regardless of how their wages compared with those of others in similar lines. It was in such industries that they would be most likely to succeed, and they could use the success of such strikes to encourage others.

They realized that they must crush Warren

Preston, and Baronsky was assigned to the duty of finding something in his past life which would kill his influence with the people. Baronsky searched in vain for someone who knew Warren's parents, but could discover no one who knew where he came from. The proprietor of the old book store, for whom he had worked so long, had died, and they could not trace his past life farther than to his first work in New York.

In addition to urging the railroads to crush Warren by accepting his challenge for a public debate, Von Villard wished to promote his own suit for the hand of Grace by demonstrating to Mr. Stanton his ability and interest in political affairs, for in his country a girl almost invariably married the man most favoured by her parents.

Mr. Stanton had read the account of Warren's speech and was so much interested that he was anxious to see someone who had heard him, in order that he might ascertain how the speech affected the different classes of people.

Soon after Mr. Stanton arrived at his office the next morning Von Villard called and succeeded in convincing him that the railroads should defend themselves by accepting Warren's challenge. Mr. Stanton regarded Von

Herbert as the best posted and most competent railroad attorney available, so he called him to his office immediately for consultation.

After learning the purpose of the consultation, Von Herbert asked:

"Do you know the only members of Congress who know anything about freight rates are railroad lawyers? If we start discussing the freight rates, it will arouse interest and Congress will become posted. The county papers will also take the matter up, and the rural districts and inland towns will realize how they are being imposed upon. Under these conditions, do you think it best to start a discussion that will necessarily cause a comparison of rates charged to different cities?"

"Mr. Hardy, of Texas, started the discussion in 1907," Mr. Stanton answered with deliberation. "Since the roads have been forced to publish the rates, the board of trade in every city has been contending for lower rates, which in many cases have been granted. Now the roads have their backs to the wall and must put up a fight."

"You must realize, Mr. Stanton, that the people do not understand the conditions that govern the making of the rates. There are

two roads, one on each bank of the Hudson River, competing for freight that could float down the river. A tug and a string of barges cost less to begin with than the rolling stock necessary to handle the tonnage that this tug and string of barges can handle. The tug and string of barges have a longer life than the rolling stock has; the repairs are not so much, and it costs less to operate them. The railroads' beds were carved out of the sides of solid stone mountains, and the roads must pay interest on the investment required to do this work; continue to replace cross ties that have decayed, and steel rails that have broken or worn out. If these railroads raise the rate to just the cost of the services, the river will handle everything except perishable goods. There will soon be a boat leaving Albany every hour for New York, and such a schedule would take the perishable goods and all of the passengers. If we start debating this our opponent will say, and the people will agree with him, that it was a waste of capital and labour to build these roads parallel to the river."

"On the other hand," Mr. Stanton said, "if we don't defend ourselves the cause is lost. Naturally, we want all that belongs to us and all that we can persuade the public to let us

have, and the only way to get that is to fight for it! Who is Warren Preston? You are certainly more competent than he is."

"Then if you think best, I'll meet Preston on the stump, provided he will give me the opening and closing positions."

The night after the speaking was the first sleepless night Grace had ever experienced. Half asleep and half awake, she fancied she could see Warren as a boy, pushing and elbowing his way through a crowd of ragged, half-starved, miserable souls. She saw him break through the crowd and climb a precipice. When he reached the top, he breathed with relief as he looked upon a beautiful park of trees, grass, and flowers, with plenty of space and sunshine. He ran back to the cliff and called for all to follow, but they were so nearly starved that only a few possessed the physical strength to make the ascent. Standing on the rock, which was symbolic of his strength of character, he flung a rope to the surging mass of humanity below and tried to rescue them one at a time, while they fought and killed one another, each striving for the position from which they could reach the rope. A few, who had succeeded in following Warren's trail up the precipice, passed him and went

happily on their way through the garden of life, gathering flowers and stopping occasionally to rest in some shady spot. She saw a big wave roll against the precipice and all were lost save those who had the strength to climb. Those who ascended and passed on did not see or know of the catastrophe. But poor Warren stood wringing his hands in grief, suffering the tortures of hell, without helping those he tried to save.

Would Warren's life be like that, she wondered? If she could only talk to him, perhaps she could persuade him to give up his effort to help others and save himself from such a fate. She felt certain that her father could get him a position in some big law office, and possibly he would accept it.

She turned over and counted sheep, first one at a time, then two, then three, and finally ten at a time, until she counted innumerable ones, but still she could not sleep. She was continually asking herself: "Is it the man or his message that affects me so?"

Even if he thought about her, as she was thinking about him, and knew who she was, she could hardly expect him to call on account of their different positions in life. If it was his message that caused her emotions, she

could send him a note. But she was not sure that it was not the man, and if it was, she could not think of addressing him first.

The hours of the night slowly passed, and she heard the rattle of the milk wagons and ice vans, together with the clattering of the horses' hoofs on the streets below. She dressed earlier than usual and went into the garden before breakfast.

After breakfast her chauffeur, Tom Moore, carried Mrs. Stanton and her for a long drive up the Hudson. The country had never been more beautiful. The leaves of the trees, which covered the steep hillsides, were full grown, many flowers were in bloom, and the birds were singing everywhere.

As they had entered the car, they noticed that Tom was reading Warren's speech with much interest.

"Do you like that speech, Tom?" Grace asked.

"Sure, ma'am, an' it was a good speech, and I know Warren Preston well."

When they returned home for lunch and Mrs. Stanton had left the car, Grace leaned over and told Tom she was much interested in that speech herself and would like to talk to Mr. Preston about his plan, and asked if he could




arrange for her to meet him in a way which would seem accidental.

"Faith, an' I know him so well I can fix that all right," Tom quickly replied.

She put her forefinger to her lips and exclaimed:

"Hush! Don't let any one know," then slipped Tom a five-dollar bill and ran to join her mother.

Tom did not know Grace had ever seen Warren, so he did not quite grasp the situation. She had left him to plan the whole thing from start to finish. He was anxious to please her with his management, so he put his mind working at once. He realized, from her attitude, that if he bungled things so that Mr. or Mrs. Stanton could find out what he was doing, he would lose his job. He wished more than once that he had not undertaken it, but he had already accepted the money and he must make an effort.



## CHAPTER X

### PIPE DREAMS

WHEN Warren returned to his room the night after the speaking, he sat for a long time in a mood of deep study before retiring. He wondered if his efforts would accomplish any good. As yet, he was not allied with any political party, and unless he could get his policy accepted as one of the planks in the next platform of one of the big parties, he could not see any immediate good in his efforts.

He had always felt certain Edna's death was due to the carelessness of the transportation system, and when Senator Hardy of Texas introduced his bill in Congress, he had become interested and had been studying freight rates and the transportation system closely ever since. He hoped some day to be able to put his plan before the people, but the opportunity had come before he was ready. He had no money and did not consider himself established in the practice of the law. If his challenge of

a public debate was accepted, he had as much work to prepare his side as his opponents would have, and he was hardly able at present to spare the time. If the challenge was not accepted, there was no organization to carry on the fight, so the opportunity might be lost.

He knew from the editorials in the papers and from the expressions from his audience that his speech was receiving favourable consideration by the people, and the people were the ones whom he desired to reach.

As he recalled the congratulations given him by the different ones in his audience, there was one he remembered with more interest than any other, and that was the greeting of a young lady whose name he did not know. She wore no jewels to display wealth and her dress was simple, but that look in her eyes and the tone in her voice as she said: "I enjoyed your speech immensely," was something he would never forget. He filled his pipe, and after he had finished smoking he resolved to do his duty, as God prompted him from day to day, and peacefully submit to the results. In a short while he was fast asleep, gaining strength for any struggle that might follow.

The next day the chairman of the com-

mittee, who arranged for the stand and seats for the speaking, called to notify him that Mr. Von Herbert would accept his challenge, provided he would give him the privilege of opening and closing the debate with a time limit on both parties.

Warren realized that the person who opened the debate had the advantage of raising points of interest for discussion that had some relation to the subject but no connection with the injustice of the present system. To reply to these points would take time. As the subject had so many different angles, the side opening the debate had a decided advantage, especially where there was a time limit.

"It is only fair for us to draw for positions," he contended.

"But Von Herbert positively refuses to meet you unless you give him this advantage," was the gentleman's positive reply.

"All right. Anything to get the facts before the people. The injustice of their published freight rates gives me an advantage which Von Herbert cannot overcome."

"Then I will notify you later with regard to the date and details," the gentleman answered.

That evening Tom Moore entered Warren's office without knocking, and seated himself

on the table. Warren continued reading to the end of a paragraph, tore off a strip of paper, which he used as a bookmark, and laid the book on the table where Tom was sitting and asked Tom to have a chair.

"No, thank you kindly, sor," Tom exclaimed, as he pulled at his knee.

"You know I work for Mr. Stanton, President of the 'Big Five' Railroad Company." He paused as if he did not know just how to proceed.

"Well, what of it?" Warren asked.

"I drives the car for his daughter, Miss Grace Stanton, most of the time. She has read your speech, an' faith, I think she wants to meet you, but she is afraid her father and stepmother wouldn't give her lave."

"Did she tell you that?"

"No, sor, but it was me that heard her talking to some av her frinds, and I thought if you could meet her she might help you in your work."

"But I have no way of meeting her, Tom. I am sure I could interest a lot of influential people in my plan if I could only meet them."

Tom slapped his knee and laughed. "Sure, an' you jist lave that to me. Ivery Sunday afternoon I take Mrs. Stanton and her to ride.

If you'll be on the seat in Van Cortlandt Park, where you and I sat and smoked and talked last Labour Day, on next Sunday afternoon about four o'clock, I'll come by in the car and arrange to stop. Then you can come as if you want to help fix the car, and I'll introduce you and tell them that you are the guy that started all the talk in the newspapers."

"Your plan seems possible, but it is hardly probable that good will result from such a meeting, Tom, but I can't see any harm in trying it, so if you say so I'll be there."

Tom agreed. They chatted a while, and then he left, and Warren continued his work.

When Tom reached the street, he scratched his head and said to himself:

"Begorrah! Miss Grace ought to give me twenty dollars, cause I arranged it without tellin' the guy how anxious she is for to mate him."

## CHAPTER XI

### THE WAY OF A GIRL

ON SUNDAY afternoon, at the appointed hour, Warren carried his newspaper and a pair of binoculars to a bench beside the road in Van Cortlandt Park. Near him was a lot of shrubbery, and back of the bench was a grove of trees, the shadows of which made the grass and surroundings beautiful. He stopped for a moment and noticed the fresh loveliness of the scene, then laid his binoculars on a section of the paper, which he placed beside him on the bench, and began reading.

He finished reading the first article, then looked at the beautiful stretch of road before him, wondering how Tom was going to fake any trouble with his machine in such a place. "Oh, well," he said to himself, "that's Tom's part of the drama. They say chauffeurs can always find trouble, and I'll not bother." He then began reading and became deeply interested in his paper.

To increase the enjoyment of the spring

weather and the scenery, the top of Mrs. Stanton's touring car had been laid back. Mrs. Stanton was seated on the left side of the car with her Pekingese dog beside her, when Grace entered, wearing a sport sweater and carrying on her arm a satin coat trimmed with fur, after which Tom closed the door, took his place at the wheel, and the car moved off.

Grace had not found an opportunity to question him about what he had told Mr. Preston. All she knew was the time and place they were to meet. She felt sure she would have to speak first, but just what familiarity she should display she was uncertain. If she should speak with indifference, Mrs. Stanton was certain to arrange to cut the conversation short. If she were to speak with enthusiasm, Mrs. Stanton might think she had met an old friend and permit a short conversation, but what would Mr. Preston think of such enthusiasm?

Tom cut off the gas and the car silently approached.

Grace's position was such that the profile of Warren's face was in plain view. She felt certain, from the way Warren had looked at her the night of the speaking and by a woman's instinct, every minute since they left their



home, and when she saw her hopes about to be realized, she was thrilled with excitement. She stood up in the car, with her coat over her arm, and clasped her hands, her eyes sparkling with joy, as she exclaimed:

“Oh! Look who’s here!”

Warren instantly recognized her as the girl who had congratulated him the night after the speaking. His dignified recognition was touched by emotion, as he rose and started to the car.

Mrs. Stanton, quick to grasp the situation, reached over, gripped Tom’s shoulder, and with a determined look on her face, motioned for him to go on.

The power was applied so suddenly that Grace was thrown back on the Pekingese dog, which had gotten in her seat. As Grace jumped up, Mrs. Stanton pulled the yelping dog into her lap and looked at the girl with fury, as she began petting the dog to quiet it.

Warren stood with wistful eyes watching the car move on. When he heard her voice and saw evidence of her enthusiasm, his heart had leaped with joy. He had hopes of winning a person of influence for his cause, and of meeting one that had appealed to him more than any being on earth. Now it seemed

as if he had lost forever an opportunity which had been within his grasp.

With a disappointed expression Grace looked at Mrs. Stanton and saw that she was busy with the dog. Her face brightened with an idea, and she threw her coat out of the car, then asked the chauffeur to stop. As quickly as possible she leaped from the car and ran back with light, sprightly steps.

Although Mrs. Stanton apparently did not suspect Grace of willfully throwing the coat from the car, she was furious and began calling to her and urging her to hurry.

Warren picked up the coat and met her, his face beaming. As he took her hand and looked into her brown eyes, her smile of thanks exposed her white, even teeth. Her cheeks, flushed with the excitement, and her curving red lips gave response to his animated smile.

"Go on, Mother, and pick me up as you come back," Grace responded to Mrs. Stanton's call.

Warren waved to Tom, who was all eyes, and caught his signal and the car moved off rapidly in spite of Mrs. Stanton's protest.

"Mr. Preston, this is Miss Stanton," Grace said as she accepted the coat. "I hope you

have not misinterpreted my enthusiasm, which I must explain."

"I assure you, Miss Stanton, I find so much good in people that I interpret your enthusiasm as a means of carrying out some good purpose of your own."

"You see—my father is in the railroad business, and after hearing you speak, I became interested in what you said about the conditions among the poor. I thought if I addressed you as an old friend my stepmother would permit a conversation, but——"

"Fate was with us," Warren interrupted. "Let us go to the bench where we can wait in comfort until they return for you."

"And will you tell me something of your past life? What your parents do, and how you know so much about the conditions among the poor?"

"I know because all of my friends are among the poor, and I have lived in the slums for more than ten years. The story of my life is a long, sad one, which would not interest you. As to my parents, I believe there is something in heredity, and I have always liked thoroughbred animals, but I would not give a whit more for a horse if you had to see its pedigree before you knew it to be a thoroughbred. I

love and respect my dead parents, but I am satisfied to be judged by my own deeds and efforts. Will you tell me what part of my speech interested you most and how it affected you?"

"The night after the speaking I saw you and a crowd of poor suffering souls in a dream." Then she told him in detail of what she saw that night while half awake and half asleep: how he stood suffering the tortures of hell while those he tried to save were lost in the end, and how a few, who had followed his trail up the precipice, had gone on, gathering the flowers of life, stopping occasionally to rest under the shade of the trees.

"My father likes to help those who help themselves, and I feel certain he will use his influence to get you in some big law office where your success will be assured. Will you accept such a position?"

"That depends on whether or not I should have to give up my ideas of benefiting those who are forced by poverty to live in the slums. If circumstances were as you saw them in your dreams, don't you think the right thing for me to do is to make that precipice a gradual grade so all could ascend from that dark, crowded gulf of slime and filth to a plain where

all could enjoy the light of the sun? Don't you think those who have ascended that precipice and have been permitted to gather flowers and enjoy the luxuries of life and see the glories of nature are generous enough to help make that precipice a gradual ascent? If the precipice were a gradual ascent, wouldn't all be able to climb except a few who are too weak to walk, and couldn't the rest of humanity easily carry those who are weak without increasing their burdens beyond their power of endurance?"

"That precipice seems to have been made of stone," she said, "and has stood since the beginning of time. The poor have been here always. Carnegie spent three hundred million dollars; and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is giving his life and the millions his father gave him to benefit humanity; and thousands and tens of thousands of other men of means are spending their money to help the poor. Yet you can scarcely see the fruits of their labour.

"Suppose it is a stone precipice that deprives these people of the sunlight and happiness which they justly inherit from their God? Did not God give man the power to cut the diamond and tunnel through the hardest granite under mountains and under the rivers?"

"That is done with powerful explosives," she replied.

"Truth and justice are far more powerful than any explosive, for they are the will of God. It was truth and justice that crushed the Roman Empire. Germany built guns that would shoot more than seventy miles, but the truth aroused the people of the world and they silenced those guns and blotted out forever the reign of German autocracy. When the American people know the truth they will extend the hand of justice and lower that precipice to a gradual ascent."

"But couldn't you postpone that work until you have secured enough to make yourself comfortable?"

"I fear that that is what everyone who has ascended that precipice has thought. Now is the time to apply the remedy. America is rapidly being divided. The newspapers of to-day speak of the animosity and hate between capital and labour as if two decided classes really existed. This is contrary to the principle on which our government is founded. When our cities were small and land was cheap so all could have plenty of sunshine and place for their children to play, then there was only one class. But how can any one see the

mansions and the slums of a big city to-day and say there is but one class? If the remedy is not applied at once America will soon be divided into two classes."

"Then you will not give up your work to accept a position that would make you independent when other people in better circumstances are providing for themselves?"

"Perhaps they do not feel the duty as I feel it. Or perhaps they have those whom they love and wish to provide for, while I love the masses. If I was willing to go to Europe and offer to sacrifice my life for the sake of duty, should I not make some sacrifice to perform what I believe to be my duty to those poor people with whom I live?"

"Then tell me something of your plan and how it will benefit the people."

Warren and Grace continued to discuss his plan until a woodpecker began tapping a tree near them for insects. He focused his binoculars on the bird, and they enjoyed watching it. He then told her how he had secured the binoculars from a German officer he had captured while in France, and how he enjoyed looking at birds, squirrels, and other wild animals through them.

Mrs. Stanton, carried rapidly on in the car,

commanded Tom to stop at once, but the road was narrow.

"Belave me, but I can't turn 'round here, Mrs. Stanton, on this side of Dead Man's Curve. I have been drivin' fast to find a place I could turn in."

Mrs. Stanton was ignorant of the traffic laws, and had never heard the place called Dead Man's Curve before, but it sounded so dangerous that she did not suspect Tom's real motive.

"Well, who is that man?" she snapped.

"One of her frinds, I guess. I don't know all of her frinds."

"*Friends!*" Mrs. Stanton repeated in disgust. "Then go on but turn as quickly as possible."

After they had gone about a mile and a half farther and returned half that distance, driving as fast as they could, they were ascending a small hill. There came a "chug, chug, chug" and the motor stopped. Tom permitted the car to roll back until he had cleared the roadway. "An' 'tis me ingine is dead!" he announced, as he secured a pair of pliers from his tool chest. After working on the engine for a few minutes, he said: "I niver yit did anything in a hurry but what something happened. I



must go back and find some nuts that hold the magneto wires."

He went back beyond a bend in the road, pulled from his pocket a big cigar Miss Grace had given him, leisurely lit it, and deliberately sat down on the bank of the road to smoke. He then shook the nuts in his hands, looked at them, and laughed heartily.

As the time passed, Mrs. Stanton became more furious. She finally gave vent to her wrath, and attempted to relieve her nervous strain by reaching over the front seat and blowing the horn.

When Tom heard the horn he laughed and said to himself: "Let her worry, now! It will help her to rayduce."

Mrs. Stanton sat alone in the car, her indignation growing until the situation became unbearable, when she decided to go back and find Tom. When she got out of the car and pulled at the dog's leash to get it to go, the dog refused to leave the seat and so she tied the leash to the bow of the top and started up the road. But she had only gone a short distance when the dog tried to follow. Trixy jumped over the door and hung by the cord, until its yelping, which was choked to a whine, attracted her attention. When she saw it

dangling in the air she tried to run, but her skirt was so tight at the bottom that she made slow progress, but by pulling her skirt almost up to her knees she managed to get to the dog in time to save its life. She was so exhausted that she sat on the running board and gasped for breath.

Not having heard the horn in some time, Tom concluded that Mrs. Stanton had become reconciled to the situation. He smoked his cigar until he could no longer hold it and then went for the car.

When the car came Grace and Warren met it at the roadside. Grace introduced Warren to Mrs. Stanton, who raised her lorgnette and looked through them at Warren in an insolent manner.

"Perhaps these will assist you, Mrs. Stanton," he said, as he smilingly offered her his binoculars. He hoped to make her see the ridiculous, but he only provoked her wrath.

Grace asked Warren to get in the car with them, but on account of her mother's attitude he declined, and she was hardly seated before Mrs. Stanton ordered Tom to go. As Warren stood with wistful eyes and watched the car, he saw Grace waving her handkerchief good-bye.

As he walked to the subway station, the sun was slowly setting behind a bank of clouds. Through the light streaks and the fringe of the clouds the rays of the sun penetrated, giving forth a splendour of colour as evidence of the power of God.

He thought of his friends in the slums. He knew that at this very minute they were sitting under an artificial light, and only one hour had elapsed since they were looking through their only window into an airshaft crowded with clotheslines and rubbish. He knew that few of them could afford to spend the carfare necessary to take them to the park to see the beauties of such a sunset. "How can they love this country as I love it when it has not given them an opportunity to learn how to read nor write, nor to see the beauties of nature? How could they be blamed for chasing rainbows in the form of Bolshevism and for hating those whom the Bolsheviki accuse of robbing them of the results of their labour?" he asked himself, and frankly admitted that he could not answer with a plausible reason.

He thought of the opportunities afforded him if he would accept the generous offer proposed by Miss Stanton, and pondered over her

proposition until he built an air castle in which he completely housed himself in comfort and ease for the rest of his life. He saw the immense task before him if he carried out his plan to benefit the poor, and realized the possibility of failure in the end. "But the people are just," he said, "and by the help of God I'll make them hear my call, and they shall rally; they will rally—to the cause of justice and apply the remedy necessary to remove the cause of so much suffering."

## CHAPTER XII

### TELLING FATHER

MRS. STANTON, who had been nursing her wrath, immediately began to reprove Grace for her behaviour and to censure her for demonstrating her enthusiasm by standing in the car as she greeted her friend and for sitting on the dog. Then she berated the girl for her carelessness in dropping the coat and so on, until she had enumerated every incident that had happened to provoke her that afternoon.

As she proceeded, her wrath increased in fury, and when she came to tell about what a narrow escape the dog had had from choking to death her temper was beyond control. Her voice was pitched so high that Tom could hear perfectly all she was saying.

It was the first that Tom knew of the dog's choking and he could hardly keep from laughing aloud as he pictured the scene in his mind.

She then referred to the accident which

happened to the car and spared no mercy in censuring Grace for it.

"Sure, now, an' Miss Grace could not help the accident to the car, Mrs. Stanton," Tom broke in after standing all that he could. "I was driving too fast: trying to get back quick is what caused the trouble, now."

Mrs. Stanton had run out of anything to say, or Tom's remark brought her to her senses. She remarked: "Well, I am going to tell your father of the whole affair and he will punish you as he sees fit."

Grace took it all without a murmur, for she had accomplished her purpose and was willing to pay the price.

When they reached home, Grace rushed into the living room to her father while Mrs. Stanton went to doff her wraps and feed her dog. Seated on the arm of her father's large, comfortable chair, the girl began petting him in her childish way. Mr. Stanton caressed her and asked her where they had been and why they were so late.

She gave but a brief outline about where they had been and the trouble they had had with the car. Laughingly, she pressed his cheeks between her hands as she said: "When you want anything you get it, and I am like my daddy."

Under the spell of her charm as usual, and flattered by the admiration she had for him, he laughed and embraced her.

"Mother says I have been very naughty, but you will not scold if I tell you about it, will you, Daddy?"

He knew he would not scold very much even if she was naughty, and he did not believe it possible for her to be really blameworthy, so he smiled and gave her the assurance she desired.

"Promise," she said, as she ran her fingers through his hair.

"Yes, I promise."

She omitted telling how the meeting had been arranged and the part Tom had played, but otherwise she was accurate in relating just what had happened.

Mr. Stanton laughed frequently as she told her narrative, and when she had finished he asked: "Didn't you throw the coat out of the car for a purpose?"

"Why, Daddy, would you have thrown the coat out to accomplish *your* purpose?"

After a moment's hesitation he said: "I might."

"Then don't tell mother. She doesn't suspect my doing that, and she thinks what I did was awful."

"What did you and Mr. Preston talk about, dear?"

"He told me just lots and lots about how the people on the East Side live and how they suffered and how he wanted to help them. He is awful nice, and, Daddy, I promised to go with the members of some charitable organization into the slums and see for myself how those people live. You'll let me go, won't you, daddy?"

Mrs. Stanton entered and in a haughty manner directed Grace to go at once and prepare for dinner.

When she had gone, Mrs. Stanton remarked: "She has been very naughty this afternoon."

"So she was telling me. That was hard on the dog's neck."

"Indeed it was, and it was all due to her carelessness."

"Did she tie the dog's leash to the bow of the top?"

"Well—no—she didn't do that."

"What kind of a man is Mr. Preston?"

"He is a man from the East Side." Mrs. Stanton then went on to describe him as he appeared to her.

"Grace seems deeply interested in his work and has asked permission to go visiting in the



slums with someone from one of the charitable organizations."

"Will you let her go?"

"I haven't decided. Knowledge is power, which increases any one's ability for doing good or bad. Her intentions are good, and since she'll be chaperoned by someone who is working to benefit the poor, I don't see any harm that could come of it. I suppose everyone has a natural desire to do something to make the world a better place to live in. She has reached the age where she wants to do something to make other people happy. To deny her request might result in depriving her of the opportunity of working in a field in which she could do the most good. If it isn't the right field for her, she'll find it out soon."

"It is a mere childish fancy," she retorted, "of which she will soon tire, just as a child tires of its toys."

"Perhaps so, but it'll probably give her as much pleasure as a toy gives a child."

In the evening Mr. Von Villard had an engagement with Miss Grace, so he called early to enjoy a smoke and a chat with Mr. Stanton before filling his appointment. He began at once to discuss Von Herbert and the public debate, and expressed himself freely with re-

gard to Mr. Preston and his inability as compared to a man like Von Herbert.

"Do you know anything about Mr. Preston?" Mr. Stanton asked.

"Nothing—only that he is from the slums and that he has never attended the public schools, or at least his name has never been on any of the books as a student. He might have a scant knowledge of things in general, such as any ignoramus might gain from reading the papers, but he can't compare with any one who has had the opportunities of Von Herbert."

"I should like to know who his parents are and something more about him."

Mr. Von Villard made a memorandum of Mr. Stanton's request, assuring him that he would gladly furnish the information.

Grace entered the room beautifully gowned in a smart evening dress, her face beaming with happiness. She had accomplished her purpose, she had not permitted Mrs. Stanton's harsh reproof to worry her, she had escaped her father's criticism of what she had done, and she had secured his consent to do something she wanted to do. So she felt satisfied with the events of the day, and was willing to be gracious to Von Villard, whom her father seemed to like.

Mr. Von Villard had travelled extensively and was an interesting conversationalist. He was handsome, with a debonair grace of movements, and courtly in manner. Since the night of the speaking he had realized that Grace would decide some things for herself, although she had profound respect for her father's wishes. He became very attentive, lavishing his wealth on entertaining her in various ways. He provided fresh flowers for her room every day, and always sent a flattering note with them.

He was proud of his family's record in his country, and he had such an exorbitant opinion of himself that he never once doubted that he would finally succeed in bringing his suit to a successful end. He attributed her happiness that evening largely to his presence, which idea pleased him.

Mr. Stanton, delighted to see Grace looking so beautiful, asked her to sing and play for them. She sang and played as she had never sung before, reaching her high notes with a thrill that inspired the soul, her voice softening to the low, sweet tones that pierced the heart.

After her father left the room, she turned from the piano and opened a discussion by

telling Mr. Von Villard that she had had a conversation with Mr. Preston in the afternoon.

"You don't mean to say you permitted that man of the slums to call?" he asked.

"The conversation took place in the park while we were waiting on Tom to repair the car," she airily answered.

"I suppose he amused you with some of his weird tales of the slums. Women are funny creatures! If you wish to entertain them, take them to see a play that makes them weep, and they say they enjoy it, but to entertain a man, give him spicy music, pretty girls, gay dancers."

"And something to eat, smoke, and drink," Grace rather maliciously added.

"Well, that helps, I admit. The challenge Mr. Preston made for a public debate has been accepted by Mr. Von Herbert and is to take place within the next month. That means Mr. Preston's finish. Von Herbert knows the railroad business from A to Z, and as some Americans express it, he is 'some' speaker. Some eat them hot, some cold, others eat them raw, but Von Herbert—he eats them alive!"

"I should like to see such a fire eater meet a man like Mr. Preston," she said with spirit.

"Will you go with me to the speaking?"

"I'll be delighted. When is it to be?"

"That's a definite engagement, then. I'll let you know the date as soon as it is definitely arranged."

She assured him that she was serious, and then switched the conversation to another subject.

That night Tom went to Warren's office to tell him how he had managed to keep Mrs. Stanton waiting. He pulled a long cigar out of his pocket and grinned: "Miss Grace gave me a couple av the boss's cigars. I smoked the ayther one this evening until I had to hold the stub with a toothpick."

Warren laughed heartily.

Tom then told him all about his experience with Mrs. Stanton in the afternoon. He took pains to mimic himself sitting on the side of the road, smoking, playing with the nuts, and listening to Mrs. Stanton blowing the horn. Then he went through the motions he fancied Mrs. Stanton made trying to run in her tight skirt to rescue the dog.

Warren was amused as much at the Irish wit which Tom injected into his narrative as he was at what had happened.

When Tom finished he picked up his cap and said:

“Now, come on, take me over to Childs and buy me a steak and onions, sor.”

Warren assented, with a smile, and the two went to indulge in what they considered a luxurious extravagance.

## CHAPTER XIII

### A TRIP TO ANOTHER WORLD

**H**-E-Y!" yelled the traffic man, at the top of his voice, as he held up his hand for the car to stop. "Don't you know this is a one-way street? Get back!—Get back!" he continued to yell until he had followed the car back to the main avenue.

When Grace put her head out of the door of the limousine she possessed a smile that generally gave her license to do as she pleased, but this time it only prompted an apology.

"I am sorry, madam, to refuse you the privilege of going through, but this is one of the most congested districts in the city and we must keep the streets open so in case of fire the fire wagons could enter and save as many lives as possible."

"Is it so congested as that?" Grace asked.

"This entire block is built up of buildings four stories high which have no elevators. The buildings are in the shape of a dumb-bell with two apartments to the floor and with

from three to six people in each apartment, about twenty feet square. These buildings were erected before the city was so strict with its building laws, and not one of them is fire proof. If they were to catch on fire each floor would burn out almost like straw. Most always there is one and sometimes two or more old people or invalids in each house. On account of these conditions, together with the fact that so many people live in one house, it is almost impossible to have a fire without burning someone to death."

"If we enter the street from the other direction can the car wait for us to make a call?" Grace asked.

"No, ma'am. Cars can't park in this street," was the officer's curt answer.

The lady with Grace said: "We wanted to call on the man who lives in the centre of this block who became prostrated from heat about two weeks ago while paving the city streets."

"Yes, I remember seeing you. That man died night before last. The city sent for the body and buried it in the potter's field early this morning," the blue-coat told them.

"The man speaks of the incident as though it were an every-day occurrence! Tell me



something about the case," Grace said as they started on their way.

"The man was about forty years old. He had never been very strong and wore himself out at hard work at an early age. His wife has three children and her mother, who is old and feeble and is a great care. I tried to get the woman to send her mother to the poor-house, but she said it would be like burying her alive, so they'll go on until they slowly starve to death."

The chauffeur stopped the car where the traffic man instructed them, and the two women started on their round of calls.

"You must clear this street," they heard an officer tell a woman, and they stopped to investigate the trouble.

They found that a family had been dispossessed for not paying their rent. All of their household goods had been piled on the sidewalk. A push-cart peddler had volunteered the services of his cart, and the man's wife had piled the peddler's goods on the sidewalk and was loading the household goods on the cart to be pushed a couple of blocks where they had secured new quarters.

The man had contracted consumption while working as a garment maker in a crowded

sweat shop poorly ventilated and lighted. He worked by the piece and had held on to his job until the profit the firm made on his work was not sufficient to pay the rent on the space occupied by his work bench. The firm had urged him to quit work several times, but he insisted that he could do a little to help feed his babies and begged for the privilege of working. He was only forty years old and had been toiling at the same bench for fifteen years. He sat on a roll of bedding, his face pale as tallow, his eyes glassy, and his head bowed in shame. It was the first debt he had ever made that he could not pay. His two little girls, one eight, the other four, dressed in rags and half starved, clung to his side.

His wife, only thirty-two years old, looked to be fifty. She was thin, and her face was haggard and worn. The perspiration stood in beads on her forehead, and the tears trickled down her cheeks as she piled her belongings on the cart. She worked as a scrub-woman in one of the office buildings, for which she received a mere pittance. She had to get moved, get her things straight, cook a little something for the family, and go to work by five-thirty in the afternoon. Her work would keep her until about twelve o'clock that night.

"Won't you take this money and buy something you want for yourself?" Grace asked her.

"No, ma'am. I haven't worked for that money. I still have some pride, though my hope and everything else are gone. I won't beg."

Grace realized for the first time how humiliating it is to become an object of charity. She apologized for insulting the woman and asked her to accept aid for the sake of her husband and children. Finally the woman for the sake of love accepted the money, sacrificed her pride, and suffered herself to let her children see and remember their mother as an object of charity.

"What has she got to induce her to live a moral life and bring her daughters up properly with her pride and hope gone?" Grace's companion asked in a whisper.

There was no answer.

It was the first really hot day in summer. The high buildings prevented the air from circulating in the streets, and the brick walls and pavements reflected the burning rays of the sun with increased intensity. Horses were becoming prostrated from the heat and falling on the streets. People were rushing with big blocks of ice to relieve the suffering of the

animals, but were leaving the woman to herself.

Grace realized that she had entered a new world where space was so valuable that an automobile could not stand while the occupants administered to the sick, where people moved all of their worldly goods on push-carts and suffered the tortures of hell.

When the man started to follow his family to their new home he had a hemorrhage and had to be assisted by Grace and her companion. The basement to which they were moving was situated under a grocery store. It was twenty feet square with one small window and a door, which rented for two dollars a week.

After Grace had helped in carrying the things from the push-cart and putting up the bed, which was the first she had ever assisted in making, she got the man's name and address and promised to call the next day.

The companion then carried Grace to see a girl, only twenty-two years old, whose father had been injured in an accident and been an invalid for a long time before he died. The girl's mother had worn herself out supporting the family until the girl became old enough to work. The mother's health had finally failed

and the girl had to support her mother and two small sisters. She had been pretty, young, and tender when the responsibility was thrust upon her. She had lavished her love on a young man who promised to wait for her until some way was provided for her mother and sisters.

He waited for a couple of years after he had accepted all the girl had to give, then grew tired of waiting and married another. The girl became despondent and her burdens grew harder to bear. Her only hope of happiness was gone and with hope gone, her pride soon vanished and she started on what seemed to be the easiest way. Finally she became diseased. Her mother died with a broken heart, and she could no longer contribute to her sister's support, so she left her to fight life's battle alone while she was to die a slow death from an incurable disease and suffer from remorse for the suffering she had caused others.

Grace wept, as the poor, suffering soul lay on her bunk in a hot, stuffy room, with a burning fever and told her story. She said at last: "The world would have been better off if I had never been born."

The girl was being cared for by a society that was advocating birth control. One of their members was present, and when she saw Grace

weeping at the girl's story of her life she took advantage of the opportunity and began expounding her theory for benefiting humanity.

Before, Grace had looked on this society as murderers of poor, innocent, helpless souls and wondered why they were not all sent to jail. Now she realized that the society was working on a plan which they thought would benefit humanity, and she saw that they had a sincere purpose to help.

Grace and her companion then went to the site of a factory which had been destroyed by fire, an old building in which a lot of girls had worked, manufacturing light garments. The old, inadequate fire escapes had become jammed, and more than a score of the girls had been burned to death. The firemen were grabbling in the wet, slimy ashes for the charred bodies which they carried to the sidewalk to be identified. The parents of the missing girls were frantically turning the bodies over, searching for some way of identifying them.

One mother in broken sobs told Grace how her husband had contracted rheumatism from working in the water while building the subways and was now drawn so that he could never work again. They had five children,

the eldest a girl who worked in that factory, and was the only one of the children who was old enough to help support the family. The mother worked in a laundry, and she knew what she made would not support her four children and her husband. "Oh! What will my husband say when I tell him Ruby can't be found!" she exclaimed, and fell over into a faint.

When the mother regained consciousness she told Grace that the girl wore a cheap ring which she accurately described. Grace found the poor girl's body, which the firemen had just brought to the sidewalk; she had a doctor take the mother to a hospital, and she made arrangements to have the girl's body cared for.

Grace returned to her home, overcome with grief from the day's experience. She sat on her father's knee and wept with sympathy for the people as she related what she had seen with her own eyes.

Mr. Stanton was pleased with her sympathetic nature. "Don't cry, dear," he said. "I'll give you a nice check in the morning and you can make those people happy by contributing to their needs."

"But I want to go to the bottom of it all, Daddy, and remove the cause. Surely God

didn't intend for these people to suffer this way when they try as hard as they do to make an honest living. Perhaps they are not paid enough for their work, or perhaps they have to pay too much for what they get. Isn't there any way of finding out those things?"

Mr. Stanton told how it was possible to engage auditors, detectives, and lawyers and assured her of all the money she wanted to make a thorough investigation.

"Kiss Daddy good-night now and go get a good night's sleep and to-morrow you will feel like work," he said.

Grace went to her room and read some of the literature she found was being circulated in the slums by Baronsky and others. This literature abused capital and described the wealthy as "tigers thirsty to suck the blood of life from these people for the mere pleasure of seeing them suffer." She knew that a great many of these ignorant souls would believe in the literature, for it was written in a way that sounded plausible. It told of the millions of dollars spent for furs, jewellery, automobiles, sports, and other luxuries, which to these people seemed foolish, for they did not have the necessary money to buy bread. Many of her wealthy friends were kind hearted,



honest, and generous, and her father would not take one dollar from these poor people that was not just. The literature which told of this horrible suffering that really existed was being distributed in sections where the people were feeling want. These people were being told that capital was to blame for it all, which was false, but if these people believed it, Grace felt sure they would feel it their duty to overthrow the government just as they had done in Russia.

She realized now how Mr. Preston, who had lived for ten years among these poor people, felt it his duty to lead them to a better life. She thought more of him for having the courage to refuse a position which would necessitate giving up a work that he thought would benefit them. She lay awake for several hours mapping out her work for the next day. She had found work she thought she could do to help the world. This thought made her happy and she was soon asleep.

The next day, when Grace called to see the man in his new home, she found that the woman had swept the cobwebs from the ceiling in the basement, and washed the small window, and scrubbed the cement floor, which improved the surroundings materially.

The man had dressed himself, but was lying across the bed with his eyes set on the small electric light that dangled from the ceiling. Grace had told him that she was coming back, but he had not thought she meant it, so he was surprised to see her.

She poured some hot chicken broth she had brought in a thermos bottle into a bowl and gave it to him with a box of crackers.

The two little girls stood by his side watching the crackers and broth with wistful eyes. The man took a few spoons of the broth and then took turns about with the two children, each taking a spoonful which they devoured with a ravenous appetite.

After they had finished eating the broth, Grace pulled a box, which was evidently used as a seat, to the side of the bed and began asking questions.

"Now tell me, did the people pay you well for what you did for fifteen years?"

He answered in his whispering voice: "Yes, ma'am. They paid a little more than any other firm paid for the same kind of work, or I would not have stayed with them for ten years when I could hold a job anywhere in my line of work. They let me stay on till I got so weak I couldn't do more than one fourth as

much as a strong man could do. They had to pay a rental of two dollars per year per square foot for the loft, and my work bench and aisle occupied eighty square feet. So my space cost the firm one hundred and sixty dollars per year. They didn't make that much profit on my work, so they had to give the space to someone else."

"Didn't the company make an enormous profit?"

"They averaged about twelve per cent. a year. Their city taxes amounted to a little more than two and a quarter per cent.—then there were insurance and other taxes. They only paid a six per cent. dividend on the capital. They gave the employees a bonus of half the remaining profits, which was paid to them every Christmas in proportion to their wages during the year. They set aside the other profit as a surplus. I considered them fair. It was better than most firms did."

"Didn't they pay exorbitant salaries to the officers?"

"I think not. They selected the office force from the employees. They told us many times what the salaries were, and we thought they were reasonable."

Grace felt certain that the man told her the

truth, but she wanted to see the manager of the firm and get his opinion.

She found the manager generous, kind-hearted, and honest. He volunteered to turn his books over to any public accountant to confirm his statement, which was the same as the man had told her. She accepted his offer and had the books examined by an auditor.

The auditor was getting well along in years and had had a lot of experience, which made him familiar with the conditions in the different sections of the country. He found the books just as the manager had represented, but the firm was paying a rental of two dollars per square foot, a city tax of two dollars and thirty-six cents, and a little above the market price for his labour.

“Why don’t you move your business somewhere in the vicinity of Nashville, Tennessee; or Richmond, Virginia; or Atlanta, Georgia; or Birmingham, Alabama?” he asked the manager. “I know you can buy the land and erect a better building than you now occupy for what you pay for nine months’ rent. The city taxes in Nashville are one dollar thirteen; Richmond, one dollar ten; Atlanta, eighty-eight cents; and Birmingham, one dollar.

"Anywhere in the vicinity of either of these towns your rent, after the first year, will be nothing, for you will own your property; your taxes will be only half what they are here, and your help could buy lots and build them homes, with twice the room, for what they pay here for five years' rent. Wouldn't your employees go with you to either of these towns if you paid them the same wages you pay here?"

"We have considered that," the manager replied. "If we went to any inland town and began paying the prices we pay in New York, the people there would think a drunken sailor had come to town. Of course our help would go with us if we paid them the same wages we pay here, but we can't afford to pay such wages in those towns."

"Why can't you?" the auditor asked. "Your rent, after the first year, wouldn't cost you anything, and your taxes would be only half what they are here."

"What you say is true," the manager admitted, "but you haven't considered the one big thing that every manufacturer considers before locating his plant, and that is the question of freight rates."

He then showed the advantage of the freight

rates in New York as compared to the cities named.

"The freight rates make a city. Almost every large city is situated on low land, slightly above the sea level, and those who are able leave the city in the summertime."

The auditor found the man to be shrewd and well posted in regard to all of his business affairs. He had figured everything, pertaining to cost, to a penny, and had added only a legitimate profit.

The auditor was sent to the city treasurer to see why the city taxes were so much higher in New York than in the cities named.

The city treasurer showed him the books, which revealed the fact that in order to get ample water supply for the cities increased population it was necessary to bring the water from the Catskill Mountains, a distance of one hundred and seventy-six miles, at a cost of three hundred million dollars. In order to give the people a five-cent carfare it was necessary for the city to invest two hundred and fifty million dollars in the subways. The city had to increase its steel bridges to take care of the increased traffic. These bridges cost more than one hundred million. The old school buildings had to be pulled down and

larger ones erected to take care of the increase. In order to provide recreation for the people, the city had to maintain libraries, parks, zoos, and museums, so taking all into consideration the tax rate was just and reasonable.

The auditor investigated the conditions at the office building where the woman worked. The eighteen-story building stood on a plot thirty feet square. The first floor and basement, each twenty-eight feet square, rented for forty thousand dollars per year, more than ten cents per square foot per day, including holidays and Sundays for the first floor, and there were seventeen more floors which rented at a good price. When the auditor found what the receipts were, he felt certain the corporation could afford to pay more to its scrub women and help and he told the manager of the building so.

The manager smiled at the auditor and said: "That is because you have not investigated all of the conditions. This corporation paid *four dollars per square inch* for the land on which this building stands. The annual city taxes on the land alone is thirteen dollars and fifty cents per square foot. Then there are the insurance and taxes on the building and im-

provements. The foundations necessary to support tall buildings are expensive. These foundations go eighty feet below the curb line. The adjoining buildings had to be underpinned. To support the upper floors the steel in the lower floors and foundations had to be made heavier and stronger for each story that is to be supported and this increases the cost. We have to run an elevator from the basement to the top of this building and return every two minutes."

The auditor found the corporation that owned the building made only about six per cent. on the money invested.

The auditor found that every time any article the man used was handled, a little was added to pay the high rents of the person that handled it. This applied to every mouthful of food, every stitch of clothing, and every stick of furniture. The cobbler that mended his shoes, the person that drove the milk wagon, all added not only their own rent, but enough to enable them to pay the amount that was added to their bills until the price paid by the consumer was double that received by the producer.

When Grace carefully studied the elaborate report made by her auditor, she found all of



the firms had showed a willingness to assist in the investigation: that they were making only a reasonable profit, and had been generous in their contributions to the poor. The report convinced her that ninety per cent. of the people were honest, just, and generous, and although more or less inclined to look out for themselves, all were willing to help the poor if they knew the best way.

The report showed that the freight rates were directly or indirectly the cause why eighty per cent. of the people live in New York. The doctors and lawyers came because the people came—therefore the freight rates were indirectly the cause of their coming. The high rents and high prices of real estate were due to the demands being greater than the supply, and therefore the freight rates were indirectly the cause of the high rents, and much suffering.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE BIG QUESTION

**F**OR the discussion agreed on Von Herbert insisted on controlling at least half the seats and on meeting Warren in a hall. As Warren had no organization back of him he disposed of his share of the seats through the newspapers. Assuming that the people were evenly divided this arrangement gave Von Herbert's sympathizers three fourths of the seats, and while Warren realized this he hoped that the people would be fair, and so he entered the debate in spite of this handicap.

Grace and Von Villard were assigned seats in the fifth row, the reporters were seated on the back of the stage, and the speakers and their friends sat on opposite sides. When Von Herbert entered, the people roared with enthusiasm. When Warren entered, but a few moments later, there was a slight applause, at which he bowed and smiled in appreciation. His manners were such as slightly to increase the cheering and his popularity.

Von Herbert opened the debate in an oratorical manner and gradually led up to the statement:

"American push, under private management, has built the greatest railway system in the world."

As he paused for the hand-clapping to subside, Von Villard whispered to Grace: "The people are with him: we will soon see Preston's finish."

"All the roads should be controlled by one corporation," Von Herbert continued, "and if this can't be done there should be not more than fourteen different systems. Harriman was the first to see this. He used the bonds of the Union Pacific to acquire the Southern Pacific together with the Central Pacific, and by 1906 he was dictator of one third of the total mileage of the United States. The Northern Securities Company, organized by Harriman, Morgan, and Hill, provided the machinery for the consolidation of all the railways of the country. But antagonistic, petty politicians forced the Northern Securities Company to dissolve.

"During the war, on account of the heavy traffic, the docks and terminals became blocked and the roads become helpless. Then

the Government had to do what Harriman, Morgan and Hill had tried to do more than ten years before the war started. Private ownership with wise, energetic, and honest management, and honest operation under reasonable and protective regulation will produce the best results for the country."

The audience did not like to have their government criticized but remained silent until he referred to "honest management" and "honest operation." One tall, hungry-looking lawyer broke the silence by yelling: "Haven't we had honest management?" And from another section a professor shouted: "Haven't we had honest operation?"

Grace glanced at the two men propounding their questions, and led the audience in applauding them.

Warren had looked at the Encyclopedia Britannica, which he brought with him, and found the Northern Securities Company and marked the subject with a strip of paper. He watched with interest every movement of the audience as they joined in a chorus demanding an answer to the question of the lawyer and the professor.

Von Herbert realized he had made a serious mistake in raising a question he dared not

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answer. The audience was steering him from the course he had expected to follow. He motioned for silence after which he yelled above their voices the name of a statesman, in whose honour the noise subsided. He then delivered a dramatic eulogy on the life of Lincoln, ignoring the point at issue. He finally succeeded in getting back to his subject, but without regaining the support of his audience.

"Seventy per cent. of the people demand that the Government regulate the railroad wages in order to avoid strikes," he continued, "and ninety per cent. of the people demand that the Government regulate freight rates. If the Government regulates rates and wages, then they must guarantee capital a reasonable return on their investment. Where the revenue and the cost of the service, which is labour, are fixed by popular vote, it is impossible to secure capital without a guarantee.

"Government ownership and operation is extravagant and wasteful. With a thirty-five per cent. advance in rates, the Government lost five hundred million in the first year's operation of the roads. Can this man," he gestured scornfully at Warren, "explain this extravagance to your satisfaction? Who is this fellow from the East Side who will put

his judgment against that of Harriman, Hill, and Morgan?"

When Von Herbert concluded his speech, with but little applause, and as Warren rose, with dignity and poise, to take the stand, he caught the eyes of Grace, which inspired his soul. She was leading the audience in applause. He drew a deep breath, motioned for silence, and began speaking:

"I am an American citizen, born under the protection of this flag—which guarantees an equal right to all." As he spoke he grasped one corner of the flag, which decorated the stand, and spread it before his audience. Still holding the flag, he motioned for silence and continued: "I inherit from this flag the right to discuss the policies or to become President of this country." He released his grasp and the flag again clung to its staff. He motioned for silence, turned to Von Herbert, and said: "No better birthright you or any other child has yet inherited."

Grace was pleased with his reply to Von Herbert's slur at the East Side and joined heartily in the applause. She whispered to Von Villard: "When will we see his finish?" but he made no remark.

After a moment's pause Warren continued:

"This great railway system, built and controlled by private management, has been unjust and extravagant.

"To illustrate the way their freight rates are determined let's suppose there is a fruit merchant by the name of Brown at San Bernardino, California. Brown says to one of the big railway systems: 'New York is a great market and I want a rate on oranges that will enable me to get to that market on a competitive basis with the fruit growers of Miami, Florida. Your road does not handle the oranges shipped from Miami for they are shipped to New York over another system. If you will grant me this rate I will route all the fruit I can control over your system.' Brown's request is granted, a special rate is fixed, and Brown begins to make connection with all the fruit dealers in the East, sends his buyers to every orange grower in California, and makes contracts with them as long as he can, some of which might run for five years.

"Before any other railway system can make the proper connection and establish the same rate, and get someone to compete with Brown, Brown has grown so strong that he owns his own refrigerator cars, has become very

wealthy, and is in a position to control the fruit market in California.

“What is the result? To-day one corporation buys practically all the fruit that is grown in California and fixes the price both to the producer and to the fruit dealers in the East, who pass the price on to the consumers. This corporation controls the market and can keep as much of the advantage they receive in freight as they choose.

“The rate the roads have given Brown to New York is less than cost, but Brown says to the roads, ‘make the small intervening towns pay more. I can sell the fruit in those towns, anyway.’

“Oranges shipped from San Bernardino, California, to New York pass through Denver, Colorado. New York pays\* one dollar and fifteen cents for a three thousand and eighty-nine mile haul while Denver pays the same price for less than half the distance or only thirteen hundred and fifty-seven miles. But why do they impose on Denver? Because she is more than two thousand miles from the orange groves of Florida and is helpless. The people of Denver have not even a representa-

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\*Official rate in effect June 30, 1916, prepared by Interstate Commerce Commission.



tive in the transaction, but they are taxed to pay the roads for delivering fruit in New York at a loss.

“As a result of this rate, many fruit growers of Miami have deserted their orchards and gone to California, where the fruit is growing in orchards three thousand miles from the market. The object of the railway system was to move the orchards from another system to its own. In order to do this, they have made Denver and the intervening towns, which were helpless, pay the freight.

“Take any other commodity for an example, such as radiators used in heating buildings, and suppose that A and B were manufacturers of radiators with A’s plant situated at Buffalo and B’s plant at Syracuse. A said to the railroads, ‘New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Providence are great markets and we want a special rate on radiators to these points that will enable us to compete with B and other manufacturers who do not patronize your railroads.’ Wishing to encourage competition in these markets and secure as much of the business as possible, the railroads made a special rate for A which was only two cents more than B paid for a one-hundred-and-forty-eight mile shorter haul.

"B then said to the railroads, 'Chicago is a great market to which we want a rate that will enable us to compete with A.' The railroads, after considerable time for investigating and publishing the rates, finally granted B's request. Radiators then began to move from Syracuse through Buffalo to Chicago, and from Buffalo through Syracuse to New York.

"This condition forced the railroads to haul the radiators one hundred and forty-eight miles farther than they would if A had been given the Chicago market and B the New York market.

"If B was selling his radiators in New York on such a close margin of profit that A could not pay the actual cost of freight for the additional mileage his radiators had to travel, B should have had the business in appreciation of the close price he was making and the same is true of A in the Chicago market.

"A, having a lot of money, erected a plant in Illinois, while B's capital being limited continued to operate the one plant.

"A then said to the railroads, 'Radiators take a commodity rate from Buffalo and Syracuse into Illinois, so it is only fair that our Illinois plant should have similar rates to various large cities in the West.' This re-

quest of A's was granted, which put B out of the Illinois market.

"Before other manufacturers, situated in Illinois, could secure a special rate to a lot of points and have them published, A made a special discount to the jobbers which enabled them to sell enough radiators to keep A's plant working to its full capacity, thus producing radiators at the lowest possible cost. But the other manufacturers situated in Illinois were unable to secure enough business to keep their plants working at their full capacity, consequently their cost of production increased.

"A's profit on the Buffalo plant, his special freight rate, which his competitors do not as yet enjoy, and the savings due to his operating at full capacity, enabled him to drive the competitors of the Illinois plant out of business.

"A then had a rich field in Illinois and was making a legitimate profit at Buffalo. He next established a plant in Indiana and secured this territory in the same manner that he secured Illinois. A continued to expand until he established plants in Missouri, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Alabama, giving him a decided advantage in all territory west of the Hudson and an equal chance to all points

east, since he was better situated for his raw materials.

"A then established warehouses at certain points and secured special rates from his warehouses to various cities in the territory allotted to each warehouse. The radiators are made in so many different sizes and patterns that it requires a lot of space to store them. A's volume of business enabled him to do this and he finally established more than twenty warehouses, but his competitors did not have sufficient volume to make it profitable.

"A next attempted to drive B and others out of business entirely by lowering the price. The railroads then felt that they had done a great thing for the cities by bringing about this competition. In 1914 B was driven into bankruptcy and A started advancing the price. By March, 1916, A had advanced the price to sixteen dollars and ten cents per hundred feet. B's creditors reorganized and continued B in business.

"Practically all the jobbers recognized A's strength and the advantage he had gained through his system of warehouses, and sold his product at a very low margin, which forced A's competitors to go direct to the trade.

"All who had been able to weather the storm

were tired of fighting. A was in a position to dictate terms to all of his competitors. Consequently A set the price, fixed the rate of discount to the jobber, named the terms, and fixed the amount of freight to be allowed from manufacturing points, while B and the other small competitors were satisfied to trail with the same price terms and conditions of freight, and not one will dare violate A's terms to this day.

"As a result of these conditions, on November 5, 1919, A had advanced the price until it was two hundred eighteen and three quarter per cent. of what it was in March, 1916. To this advance the trade added its usual per cent. of profit, which the people are paying.

"These special rates were made with but little regard as to the cost of the service, and with absolutely no concern for the people. A was able, on account of his large tonnage and his connection with so many different roads, to get just about what he asked for.

"Savannah and New Orleans are both seaport towns. From Buffalo to Savannah the rate is\* seventy-two and a half cents, to New Orleans, fifty-four cents. The distance favours

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\*All rates on radiators, including those to Barnesville and Griffin, are official, secured from Interstate Commerce Commission on December 8, 1919.

Savannah by two hundred and twenty-seven miles, but Savannah pays a third more freight for a shorter haul. Savannah and Mobile are both seaport towns. The rate from Birmingham to Savannah is twenty-five cents, while to Mobile it is twenty-six and one half cents. The distance favours Mobile by one hundred and seventy miles. Savannah pays less for a longer haul.

“The rate from Buffalo to Atlanta is ninety-one and a half cents, while to New Orleans it is fifty-four cents. The distance favours Atlanta by three hundred and forty-eight miles. Atlanta pays fifty per cent. more for a shorter haul. The rate from Birmingham to Barnesville, Georgia, is sixty-one and a half cents, while to Savannah it is twenty-five cents. The distance favours Barnesville by two hundred and eighteen miles, and the freight passes through Barnesville. Barnesville pays twice as much for about half the distance. There is no water route between Birmingham and either of the places.

“These rates are unjust, but the criminal part is that the people living in these towns do not get the benefit of the low rates for A’s price includes a forty cents per hundred pounds, freight allowance, but where the

freight is less than forty cents, A allows only the actual cost. If radiators are delivered in Buffalo there is no freight and no freight is allowed, although forty cents is included in the price. If B delivers radiators in Syracuse, he does not allow any freight although forty cents is included in his price. If A delivers radiators in Syracuse, he allows the actual cost of the freight, which is seventeen cents, and keeps the difference between the actual cost of the freight and the forty cents included in his price.

“If A ships radiators to New York he allows the actual cost of twenty-four and a half cents, though his price included forty cents. He keeps the other fifteen and a half cents. On a car of radiators this arrangement gives A a profit of forty-five dollars when shipped to New York, thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents to Boston, forty-five dollars to Philadelphia, one hundred twenty dollars when delivered in Buffalo. The rates are nearly always bargained and arranged for by the jobber, wholesale man, or the manufacturer, on the one side and the railroads on the other, neither caring what the people pay so long as the shippers have an advantage over their competitors.

"To illustrate: The rate from Birmingham to Griffin, Georgia, is thirty-seven cents. To Barnesville, Georgia, it is sixty-one and a half cents. Both towns are on the same road and Barnesville is only eighteen miles from Griffin. The Barnesville rate should be about forty cents. Since A has included in his price forty cents for freight allowance, he saves nine dollars on every car of radiators he ships to Griffin, and for that reason A was interested in protecting Griffin. If A's price had included fifty cents he would also have been interested in protecting Barnesville.

"Barnesville had no representative, so the railroads begin to recoup the freight at that point in order to be able to deliver radiators in Savannah, two hundred and eighteen miles farther, for twenty-five cents.

"The injustice did not stop there. Barnesville was paying too much freight before the thirty-five per cent. advance. This advance raised Barnesville's rate fifteen cents and Savannah's only six cents. But still that is not all for the Government levied a war tax of three per cent. on the freight and this again imposed on Barnesville. But Barnesville is not discriminated against any more than the other small towns or rural districts.



"A has levied a tax on the people in New York by including forty cents in his price for freight when it costs him only twenty-four and a half cents. A has levied a tax of forty cents on all radiators delivered in Buffalo. A should be forced to make one price to all, and those being nearest his plant should have the benefit of that which they inherit from God.

"If every mine or manufacturer were forced to make the same price to all, F. O. B., mines or manufacturing point, there could be no trust, for if A fixed his price so as to equal B's price in the New York market, he would have to make the same price to people living in Buffalo and west of Buffalo and the same is true with B. Each would have to make his price on a cost plus a reasonable profit basis.

"I mentioned the rates of Griffin and Barnesville for a double purpose. By comparing these two rates, we see that where there is no commodity or special rate the freight is about fifty per cent. higher. When we consider the fact that radiators are rough castings and have been sold for one dollar and seventy cents per hundred pounds, we see how the special rate enabled A to get control of the market. If he had not secured these special rates the differ-

ence in freight would have enabled A's competitors to stay in business.

"The average cost for hauling a ton of freight per mile is half a cent. The terminal costs vary according to conditions. From the time a car reaches the yards at Jersey City until it is delivered on Manhattan Island or in Brooklyn, including lighterage, the average cost is\* thirty-five dollars per car. The average terminal cost at Binghamton, N. Y., is only† one dollar and eighty cents. On a thirty-thousand-pound car from Buffalo to Binghamton the railroads make a profit of twenty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents (more than 40 per cent.), while to New York the net loss is twenty dollars and ninety cents. Binghamton and the other small towns between Buffalo and New York must pay the railroads not only a profit on their own freight but must also pay the losses the railroads sustain in New York.

"But that is not all of the burdens the people of Binghamton and the other interior points are forced to pay. More than half the

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\*This cost was before the war and is official. See records of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the five per cent. case.

†This cost was before the war and is official. See records of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the five per cent. case.

export and import business of this country, which now exceeds eight billion dollars per year, passes through the portals of New York. The cost of handling the cars at New York which haul this enormous tonnage of export and import business to and from the interior points is stupendous. The railroads recoup their loss with a reasonable profit from the interior points.

“Why should the people in small cities and towns be taxed to pay thirty-five dollars per car on cotton shipped to New York? If the people of Europe want this cotton shipped via New York, the cost of the freight should be added and the people of Europe that wear the shirts made from this cotton should pay it. This cotton should be loaded on barges and permitted to float by gravity down the Mississippi, the Chattahoochee, and the Savannah rivers, and shipped to Europe from Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, or Charleston. It is only a question of time before our coal supply will be exhausted, and we should begin to reserve our supply and save the coal which is now wasted in bringing that cotton to New York.

“Assuming that the exporters and importers made a gross profit of ten per cent., the

revenue New York receives from this business is four hundred million dollars per year. This is twice the value of the wheat exported and eighty per cent. of the export value of cotton. This four hundred million dollars goes to a comparatively few men, and it is not right to tax the people in the interior towns to benefit these men. If these exporters and importers were forced to pay the cost of handling the freight at New York, part of this business would go to other cities and this would help to relieve the congestion of our streets, subways, and tenements. It is just as foolish to make a rate that will force all of our export and import business to pass through New York as it would be to build a ball park with but one single gate for an entrance.

“If A were forced to pay the cost, thirty-five dollars per car, for handling his radiators in New York, in addition to his high rent, he would close up his warehouse in New York and move it to a smaller town. His warehouse men would go with him, and this would help to relieve the congestion. These special rates have enabled A to produce a group of very wealthy influential men who know that if the Government controls the roads these

privileges which they now enjoy will be discontinued, so it is only natural for them to oppose Government control.

"A has been managed by a group of the most competent men the world has ever produced, and A's prices have advanced three times as much as the freight rates have advanced under Government control.

"The statistics\* show the assessed value of realty property in New York City in 1898 was \$3,082,718,709; twenty years later it had increased in value to \$8,591,053,726, which was an increase of two hundred and seventy-eight per cent. The tax levy had increased in the twenty years from \$47,356,863 to \$198,232,811, or an increase of four hundred and eighteen per cent. The city's indebtedness had increased in the twenty years from \$235,254,740 to \$1,064,873,439, or four hundred and fifty-three per cent. The annual interest on the city's debts had increased from \$9,629,382 to \$47,663,019, or four hundred and ninety-five per cent. The population had increased within the twenty years from 3,272,418 to 5,737,492 or an increase of only seventy-five per cent. Insanity had increased

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\*Figures taken from World Almanac, 1919 edition.

steadily at the rate of five people to the one hundred thousand each year for the last twenty-eight years. The number of insane people to the one hundred thousands in 1889 was two hundred and fifty-five, while in 1917 it was three hundred and ninety-one. In the United States the average now is two hundred and four, or a little under New York's average in the year 1889. Or, in other words, the insanity in New York is about twice the average.

"These statistics, when analyzed, show, that in order for the landlords to make\* six per cent. on the assessed value of their property, in 1889 the average rent for each person was ninety-one dollars. In 1917 this had increased to one hundred and fifty dollars per person. Or, in other words, the increased value had placed on the tenants a burden of fifty-nine dollars for every man, woman, and child.

"The increased value of the property makes it necessary for the freight cars to stand on barges while being unloaded. All the food is unloaded on the lower end of the island and carried through the streets on trucks an average distance of five miles. On account

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\*1.64 per cent. is added for management, insurance, and upkeep of property.

of the poor unloading facilities, cars often stand in the yards until the fruit or produce spoils. This waste amounts to hundreds of millions each year. It takes six hundred carloads of food to feed New York every day. The cost of trucking this food an average of five miles through the crowded streets of a congested city is stupendous.

"In December, 1917, the average income of all railroad employees, claimed by some to be the best paid class of labour in the world, was less than one hundred dollars per month. Suppose the average railroad employee lived in the average flat in New York, with his wife and three children. His proportion of the rent \*would be seven hundred and fifty dollars per year. The average freight cost per capita is forty dollars so this would add another two hundred dollars to his annual expense. His income is only twelve hundred dollars. In such a case only two hundred and fifty dollars is left to pay for food, clothing, furniture, and recreation. This is getting close to the danger line.

"When college professors cannot support their families on their salaries and the differ-

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\*This includes his share of the grocers', cobblers', and retail merchants' rents.

ence between the average rent and the average income is less than the cost of the necessities in life, the Government will fall. History will repeat itself and a new government will be formed.

“The middle class of New Yorkers are now resorting to birth control to relieve their condition. In New York\* marriages increased from 56,735 in 1918 to 58,983 in 1919, an increase of 2,248, but births decreased from 130,377 in 1918 to 120,932 in 1919, a decrease of 9,454.

“The coming generation of New Yorkers face a city indebtedness of more than two hundred dollars per capita, which is greater than their proportion of the national war debt. Its school buildings are insufficient to house the children, and the playgrounds for the schools have been sold. The courthouses must be built new within the next generation. And the streets are now taxed beyond their capacity. These special freight rates have caused a waste of labour and extravagance never yet equalled by our Government.”

He turned to Von Herbert: “What have you to say in defence of these unjust rates?”

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\*Annual report of Commissioner Copeland, Department of Health of New York City.




As he asked the question he stood fearlessly and looked into his face with piercing eyes. His voice rang with defiance and his determined jaws closed firmly as he uttered the words.

For an instant the audience was still as death. The question echoed through the silence and then there came the shouts from the audience: "Shake him again, Tige"—"Eat 'em up, Bull Dog"—"Hit him again"—"That hooked him in the gills——"

Warren continued to look Von Herbert in the face, motioned for silence, and asked: "Why should you force Denver to pay as much freight as New York pays for more than twice the distance? Can you tell me what or whom you have benefited other than the fruit trust of California? Have you not damaged the railway system from Florida as much as you have benefited the system of the West? Tell me something this freight rate system has accomplished!"

Von Herbert nervously squirmed in his seat. He knew that the people in the audience were New Yorkers, and were demanding some kind of an answer. He said, with a loud, strong voice: "It has made New York the greatest city in the world."



"That is true," Warren admitted, "but whom did this benefit? Not a soul but the New York landlords who sold their lands or raised their rents at the expense of their tenants. The man who continued to live in his own house was not benefited, for in fact his taxes were raised until he was forced to sell his lot strip by strip to reduce his taxes.

"In order to make New York the greatest city in the world, and provide for the people who flocked here to get the advantage of the special freight rates, it was necessary to dig tunnel after tunnel beneath the Hudson River, build elevated and underground street railways, and erect enormous passenger stations, all at the cost of more than seven hundred million dollars. The improvements on the water system cost another three hundred million. New York had to build steel bridges across the river and spend hundreds and hundreds of millions on other things necessary to provide for the people.

"To pay for these improvements, the city has issued bonds and increased the city's indebtedness within the last twenty years from two hundred and thirty-five million to one billion sixty-four million, or more than four times the indebtedness. To pay the interest

on these bonds, the city has assessed the property at its full market value and levied a tax of two dollars and thirty-six cents per hundred based on these values. The landlord has raised his rents to pay a dividend on the increased value of his property and to recover the taxes. Less than five per cent. of the citizens of New York are landlords, and this five per cent. received all the dividends based on this increased value of the property, at the expense of the ninety-five per cent. of the people who are tenants.

“The increase in value, due to these special rates, has been enormous. Some land has sold for five hundred dollars per square foot, or twenty-two million dollars per acre. The annual interest on the cost of a single foot is thirty dollars and the city taxes eleven dollars and eighty cents. So somebody must pay an annual rental of forty-one dollars and eighty cents per square foot on the land alone, and the interest and taxes on the cost of the building are to be added. This is why you see some people with hundreds of millions while ninety-five per cent. of the people who die, without life insurance, do not leave enough worldly goods to pay their own funeral expenses.

"The special rates have necessitated the erection of buildings fifty stories high to house the people. These buildings call for deep, expensive foundations and extra heavy steel in the lower floors to support the additional stories. These tall buildings have increased the density of the population until the streets are inadequate to accommodate the people.

"What general would dare send his army to a town where the only water supply was a two-inch pipe? Streets are as essential to a city as water, and their capacity is limited the same as water mains. Our streets have become so crowded that it is not safe to attempt to cross them unless you are protected by an officer of the law, who holds up traffic for you to pass. These congested districts cause a waste of time for people in going and coming to their work. They force the working people to spend ten per cent. of their working life in poorly ventilated subway cars on which the sun never shines.

"The interest on the money invested in street railways and passenger stations and equipment, and the water system of New York City, is millions and millions of dollars per year, besides the expense of operation, which is far more. What does this mean? It means

that the people must continue to pay dividends on this investment for millions of years to come.

“New York has no mining or farming interest—then who pays for this hellish extravagance? First, the New York tenant pays it to the landlord. The tenant must have his salary increased to enable him to do this. The person who employs the tenant adds the additional pay to the cost of his services and it is passed on to the people living in Denver and other towns. The people in Denver are imposed upon: first, to pay the railroads for delivering fruit to New York at less than cost; second, to pay more for their clothing, bought in New York, in order to enable the people to live in a district congested by reason of having a freight rate at less than cost.

“If the Federal Government paid the freight on all raw material shipped into and all manufactured goods shipped out of the District of Columbia, in less than ten years that place would be covered with manufacturing plants and office buildings twenty stories high, and land would sell for prices never before heard of, not even in New York. And who would be benefited by such extrava-

gance? Only the landlord and a few corporations or individuals, who controlled certain markets.

“In competing with one another, the roads have not only moved industries from one section of the country to another by imposing unjust rates on towns so situated that they cannot defend themselves, but two or more roads have combined to take the traffic from another. I will illustrate how this can be done:

“Let us suppose that there are two roads running from Albany, New York, to Boston, Massachusetts. We will call one road A, the other B. Running into Albany there is a great system, which we will call C, connecting with all the great grain and cattle markets of the West. C, by combining with either A or B, can make special rates on commodities being shipped to and from Boston and points situated on C's lines. By such a combination C can control all the freight going both ways between Boston and all points west of Albany. Or, in other words, it is possible for C to give all of this freight to either A or B. Having this power, naturally C would use it to its own advantage, either by demanding the lion's share of the revenue or otherwise? But

suppose B goes through Boston to Portland, Maine, and connects with other points, then by reciprocity B will come to an agreement with C and they will control all the through freight between Albany and Boston. Such a combination will make A dependent entirely on the local freight and force A to impose an unjust rate on the bread and meats and other articles that A hauls for the people who are dependent on A. This will make manufacturing on A's line impracticable.

"Now let us go further and suppose that the agreement between C and B is for a period of ten years: and during this time the bonds of A become due and A is put in bankruptcy and sold. What is there to prevent C's buying the bankrupt road at one fourth of its value, holding it until C's contract with B expires, then diverting all traffic over A? This would leave B with an equipment ample to do the work but with no freight. Then, when the bonds of B become due, that road will have to go into a receiver's hands, or raise its local rates. Justice demands that the Government protect the owners of A and B from C, also protect the people who live on those roads. For both roads are the arteries of life, and the jugular veins to the cities situated on them

exclusively. If we should form fourteen systems or one private system should we force A or B to sell to C? If so, who would fix the price? Have we a right to tell A to sell its property to another corporation at C's price, or have we a right to tell C it must buy A at A's price?

"Let us consider the extravagance of our present system of private owned railroads.

"First, their freight-rate system has caused congestion in certain centres, and forced a tremendous advance in real estate, and the people have been forced to pay dividends to the land owners based on this increased value.

"Second, these congested districts call for subways, tunnels beneath rivers, expensive water systems, and passenger terminals. Those who put up the money to pay for these things must have a dividend on their investment and the people must pay these dividends.

"Third, railroads have been built parallel to one another and to navigable waters, and the people must pay a dividend on the capital invested in these roads. To illustrate, two roads run at the water's edge of the Hudson River.

"Fourth, the roads have taken freight from



the rivers and hauled it for less than cost and made the towns, situated so they could not help themselves, pay for the loss: just as they make Denver and other towns pay the freight on the oranges shipped to New York at less than cost.

"Fifth, the railroads have provided the way and furnished the protection of every big trust in America until the trust became strong enough to move with its own power. These big trusts have taken billions from the people.

"You have just been told that the roads have suffered from an antagonistic Congress. Our Congressmen are human beings and might have made some mistakes. But the records of each Congress, as a whole, have crowned this grand republic with honour. The working people from every corner of the earth have gathered under the protection of our flag and have prospered. But the work of Congress is never complete.

"The transportation question is next to be settled, and it is only a question of time before the people will settle it in the proper way.

"Now let us see what the Encyclopedia Britannica says about the Northern Securities Company and that antagonistic Congress." He read:

"By using notes of one railway company based on its treasury securities, it was possible to acquire a controlling interest in others, and by watering the capital stock to recover the cost of the undertaking, while the public paid the added rates to supply dividends on the watered stock——"

He continued, until he read where Roosevelt dissolved the Northern Securities Company at the cost of a panic.

"According to the records, Congress granted the railroad corporations, for constructing railroads, more land than the entire area of France."

The audience gasped and someone shouted, "What?"

"Yes—more land than the entire area of France. Congress also aided in the building of these roads by donating large sums of money; so much being advanced per mile as the roads were built. And these are the records of an antagonistic Congress.

"In addition to the aid given the roads by the Federal Government, the states, counties, cities, and towns donated large sums, and the land owners often gave the right of way.

"The trouble is that the railroads have abused the privileges granted them by the people. The best lands given the roads by

the Government went to officers, promoters, and certain members of Congress without benefit to the common stockholders. The railroads have resorted to shrewd business methods and sold a lot of worthless stock and bonds to the public. This has destroyed their credit, and the public is no longer interested in railroad securities. The unjust methods adopted by the roads have provoked the people and they demand justice to all parts of the country alike.

*"To give justice to all, the freight rates should and must be so much per mile per ton, plus the cost of handling and switching at receiving and delivery stations; plus any switching or ferry charges in transit.*

"There must be a standard classification of all commodities, and each class must take a certain discount from the base price. Suppose the base price is five cents per mile per ton, and a contractor desires to ship stone, he looks in the list of commodities, which is arranged alphabetically, and finds stone is in class 15. The contractor sees from his price list at that time that classification 15 has a discount of ninety per cent.: or stone has a rate of one half a cent a mile per ton. If, for any reason, the rates should change all that is

necessary is to change the discount. If there should be any preference in freight it should be for the long haul in order to develop the West.

“To prevent the small roads failing, while the large roads prosper, under a flat rate, all carriers must be under one management; and the control must be the Federal Government. Ever since the beginning of civilization, with few exceptions, the highways and waterways have been the property of the Government. Railroads are only an improved mode of travelling. It is as unjust for them to be under private management as it would be for the highways, or for the seas to be under one government.

“A new road, situated in a country with only fifteen people per square mile, cannot haul freight as cheaply as one located in a country with four hundred people. The value of a railroad increases with the population and the Government should get the benefit of this increase: it should not go to individuals who do nothing to earn it. If we paid the builders of our roads land equal in area to all France, we should be willing to give the pioneer settlers the privilege of a freight rate that is as low per mile as any rate in the East.

"In order to develop a country, it is necessary to carry on some manufacturing, for otherwise the farmer has within his reach no market for his product. In order to encourage manufacturing in the sparsely populated sections we must protect them in their locality, with the cost of the freight from manufacturing centres.

"My opponent suggested that I explain to your satisfaction the deficit of five hundred million on a thirty-five per cent. advance in rates. The Government cleared the terminals and docks, which had been blocked under private control. If government control did nothing else, it did what could not be accomplished under private management. This feat alone was worth one billion dollars for it enabled us to win the war, which we could not have done with our terminals and docks blocked. Private management which had once allowed these docks and terminals to become blocked could never have cleared them, especially when the tonnage was daily increasing.

"As compared to the thirty-five per cent. advance in rates, steel advanced two hundred per cent. while beef and oil advanced one hundred per cent. These prices were con-

trolled by the largest and the best managed private corporation the world has ever known. If the Government had advanced the freight as much as private corporations advanced the price of steel, beef, or oil, it would have made enough in five years to pay for the railroads outright and would have owned them forever. Then the revenue from the roads could have gone toward educating the American children for millions of years to come; and never again would it be necessary to draft into service to defend our flag a man who could neither read nor write.

“The darkest spot on the history of the American people is the fact that twenty-five per cent. of the soldiers who went to France to fight for the honour of those white stars of hope planted on a blue field and held in the breeze by red and white stripes could neither read nor write.

“The monthly rental the state of Georgia receives for its road bed between Atlanta and Chattanooga will go to educate millions of Georgia children yet unborn. This is all due to the state’s holding to its right of way. This rental now pays the tuition of thirty thousand Georgia children every year, it has doubled every fifty years and it will continue to double

as the population and traffic increases. When Sherman marched to the sea he burnt the bridges and cross ties, heated the steel rails and bent them around the telegraph poles; but the state still collects the rent and will continue to collect it as long as Georgia is a state.

"The Government has not been extravagant in operating the roads. The records show that the Government bought supplies for less money than private corporations paid for the same material. The advance in wages which the Government granted was a just reward for faithful service. The records for all railroad employees for December, 1917, show that fifty-one per cent. received seventy-five dollars per month or less, eighty per cent. received one hundred or less, and only three per cent. received over one hundred and fifty dollars per month.

"If the roads had been under private management, the people would have suffered from a strike before labour would have got justice.

"I admit, private corporations will get more from labour for a dollar than the Government will get; but do we want to gouge the labouring man? For my part, I do not. I believe transportation should be conducted by the

most honest, the most reliable, and the best class of labour the world can produce. The best way to secure that class of labour is to pay a premium and permit them to work reasonable hours.

“The Government has not paid shrewd lawyers large salaries to swindle the public out of their claims. The Government’s policy is to pay all just claims. This is not extravagance but justice. There is a difference. When we consider the advance in price of other commodities, it seems that transportation is the only thing that has stayed within reason.”

Warren then showed how the big beef trust got control of the market by special rates in the same way that the fruit market was controlled and cited a number of cases where the rates were as unjust as Denver’s rate on fruit. Then he instanced numerous cases which proved that Denver was not imposed upon any more than other interior towns of similar size and not nearly so much as the towns with ten thousand people or less. He showed that the people who live in these small cities, towns, and rural districts are really the ones that pay the freight. He concluded by saying:

“Will the people in inland towns and rural districts continue to pay the unjust rates now



imposed on them?—And sacrifice the fruits of their labour at a reduced price in order that the people living in the large cities can continue to pay interest on investments made necessary by the congestion?

“Will labour in the cities continue to pay the increased rents and sleep on bunks with six in a room with no sunlight, in a place so densely populated that the children have no place to play? Or will they see the light and speak through the ballot box? If they will but speak, their voice will be heard and the people will send forth the strong arm of justice, under the protection of the American flag, and relieve their suffering.

“I adore that flag, because it gives each and all of its citizens the privilege of worshipping God as each individual’s soul may dictate. I love that flag, because it was the first to light the torch of liberty and has kept it burning all these many years until its rays of justice are now extending to every corner of the earth. I honour that flag, because it was the first to give an equal right to all; it gives its most humble citizen an equal right with kings to speak through the ballot box and say whether or not this miserable suffering shall continue. Glorious is the thought that the people have

only to speak through the ballot box and that flag will rid them of this hellish extravagance without the shedding of one drop of blood."

He grasped the flag and kissed it as he humbly bowed to the people and was then seated, while the hall roared with applause.

The audience yelled and cheered so that Von Herbert could not speak until Warren motioned for silence and requested them to listen to the opposing side.

As Von Herbert started to speak the long, hungry-looking lawyer, with every line in his face showing intense interest, shouted: "What are your views on the freight rates?"

Von Herbert was anxious to evade the question, for he knew he would be forced to discuss the commodity rates, which Warren had introduced and discussed at length, so in response to the demands from the audience he said: "I am not posted on rates."

From every group of the audience came a question: "Did you think this was going to be a peace conference?" "If you don't know, sit down!" "Did you think you were coming to a barbecue?"

Warren rose and motioned for silence.

Von Herbert continued: "I believe all the roads should be under one management."

From the audience came the questions: "Honest management?" "Haven't we had honest management?" Other questions followed until Von Herbert gave up and the audience began to disband.

Warren stepped from the stand to shake hands with those who seemed anxious to meet him.

While Warren had been speaking the audience had applauded frequently; at times even whistling and yelling. During these moments of excitement, when Warren was waiting for the applause to cease, he frequently caught the eyes of Grace, who was wild with enthusiasm and delight over the way in which the audience was receiving his message.

She came forward, after the people had scattered, and took his hand with intense seriousness. She placed a rosebud in the buttonhole of his coat and said: "Your speech was an inspiration of hope to those who know the conditions in the slums of a large city."

Their conversation was only of sufficient length to arrange a time and place of meeting in order that Grace might know more of his plans. Grace then joined Von Villard, who was impatiently waiting, and Warren left to fill an appointment with a committee.

Von Villard had instructed Baronsky to secure an affidavit from someone concerning Warren's parents and to have it published with an account of the speaking.

Faithful to his master, while the speaking was going on, Baronsky secured a small table in the back of a saloon, where he sat talking and drinking with Ebbert, a villainous-looking character. Pulling a large roll of money from his pocket he asked Ebbert: "How would you like to have this?"

Ebbert looked at the money with covetous eyes and reached for it with a grasping hand.

Baronsky pulled a paper from his pocket and offered him the money to sign it.

The paper read: "This is to certify that I have known Warren Preston and his mother since he was a child. His mother was a maid who worked in a hotel and was never married."

Ebbert accepted the offer. A notary was secured and the paper was duly signed and witnessed.

After paying the money promised, Baronsky went direct to the office of the newspapers who opposed Warren's plans to make arrangements to have the affidavit published in connection with the account of the speaking.

## CHAPTER XV

### LOVE AND A NEST

**A** COMMITTEE which met Warren immediately after the speaking had been appointed by the county club of one of the big political parties. It had been instructed to attend the meeting and if, in their judgment, his plan was worthy of further investigation, the committee was clothed with full authority to invite him to join their party and go as one of the representatives from the county to the state convention soon to meet at Albany.

The committee's opinion was unanimous, and they were anxious to get Warren allied with their party before he became connected with one in opposition to theirs, so they were in session but a few moments before he was admitted. He had no intimation as to what the committee represented or the purpose of his presence so he entered with an air of curiosity. When told of the committee's decision he said:

"Gentlemen, you have asked me to assume

a serious responsibility. To say that I am incompetent would be a reflection on your better judgment. I hope to represent you in a manner which will be a credit to the club and an honour to my name. Perhaps I do not seem as enthusiastic over the honour as I should, but I assure you that that is due to the serious manner in which I accept the responsibility. I am delighted and thank you for the honour."

"The serious manner in which you have accepted the responsibility assures the committee that we have made no mistake, and we are delighted with our prospects of success, Mr. Preston," the chairman of the committee responded.

The next day, in order to keep her appointment with Warren, Grace secured Tom and the car to take one of her friends for a ride. True to her promise, she carried the girl but made the ride short.

"Right on the minute," she remarked as she approached the spot agreed on and saw Warren looking at his watch.

"Just fifteen minutes late," he said with a pleasant smile.

"Let me see," she asked, as she reached for his watch.

As they were seated he handed her his Ingersoll.

"You are fifteen minutes fast—see?"

"Perhaps so—that watch runs faster sometimes than at others. I hope to get a better one when my ship comes in. I was broke once and had to sell a watch which my father gave me."

"Will you tell me when your father died and something about your family?"

Never satisfied to rest on the laurels of his ancestors, and thinking that that was something someone else should tell, he answered her question with another. "Aren't you satisfied to judge me for what I am?"

Grace felt that there might be something about his parents of which he was ashamed. She realized that this was more or less a barrier between them but she decided not to press the matter further, and so changed the subject with diplomacy and returned his watch. The conversation finally drifted back to the slums and she told him of her experience and what she had done.

"Don't you realize you are bailing the ocean out with a spoon when you are trying to reach the individuals who are suffering from poverty? You have not covered one block in a

single city, yet if your work were to cease the people you have helped would be suffering again in a week's time. We must remove the cause and then the people can help themselves."

A thrush began singing near them. Warren focused his binoculars on the bird and gave them to Grace, who watched it with interest until it went to its nest.

"Oh! Look!" she exclaimed, as she handed the glasses to Warren. "It has a nest in that bush."

"The bird is feeding its young," he told her, after watching it for a few minutes.

They worked their way through the shrubbery to the nest and he pulled the bough down which supported it, so she could get a better view.

She was excited and in a buoyant and happy mood. When she saw the little birds opening their mouths for food she raised her hands, clasped them together, looked into Warren's face, and exclaimed: "Oh! Aren't they cunning?"

He did not see the expression of her emotions until she began to speak. He looked at her, with a smile of admiration, then showed her how the bird had woven the twigs and grass into a nest and had lined it with soft material



and feathers from her breast in order to protect her young. He asked Grace to hold the bough supporting the nest while he stepped back, turned over a rock, and secured a worm, which he fed to the birds.

She looked at him with wonder, as she compared his tender, pathetic feeling for the birds with the cold, indifferent nature Von Villard had displayed when he refused to put the sparrow in safety. Her expression changed, and the pupils of her eyes became dilated as she gave him a look of love.

He hesitated but a moment to make sure that he had interpreted her expression correctly, then let go of the bough supporting the nest, took her into his arms, and looked through her eyes into her very soul. As he kissed her and felt her lips return his caress they both experienced for the first time that indescribable emotion that penetrates the soul. As their lips parted, he looked a second time into her eyes; and then prompted by deep emotion he kissed each one of them, then her lips, and whispered: "If I am ever able to build a nest will you share it with me?"

"May I not help to build the nest?" she whispered.

They left the shrubbery and proceeded to

the bench where he told her he was willing to gamble his future career on a plan to benefit the poor, but he was not willing to have her take such a hazardous chance on her future happiness.

"You see," he said, "I have become accustomed to suffering and living with the poor. I have gone hungry. I have suffered from cold. I have worked when I was sick with a fever, and not able to work. I have been one of six people who lived in a room with a single window. I know these people are ignorant because they have not had an opportunity to educate themselves, but they are kind, honest, and industrious. If my plan fails I know what to expect; and I am willing to continue to suffer with them until the majority of the people see the light and extend the hand of justice to assist them. But—I could not see you suffer such tortures."

"But the people will approve of your plan," she said, in an assured manner.

"In the course of time they will—but we must remember that justice was a long time in abolishing slavery and other customs from which a lot of people suffered. So we must prepare for a long struggle."

He then told her of his being appointed as a

representative of the county club, of one of the big political parties, at the state convention.

She felt certain that if she invited him to her home her stepmother would object and her father might not approve. They talked the situation over and decided it best to continue to meet by appointments. The car had returned and was waiting for Grace, so they arranged to meet again as soon as he came back from Albany, bade each other good-bye, and parted.

When he appeared before the state convention, his love for Grace thrilled him with emotion so that he spoke as if he were delivering an inspired message. His speech was so convincing that a committee was appointed to study the details of his plan, and when he met them they questioned him:

“The main object of your plan is a uniform freight rate, throughout the country, to prevent waste, caused by congestion in large cities, and to encourage manufacturing plants and industries to locate in the most economical position, and save as much cross hauling of freight as possible. To accomplish this the roads must be under one management. Would it not be better to have all the roads owned by one big private corporation?”

"The people," Warren replied, "have been swindled out of their money, through railroad securities, so often that they have lost confidence and will not invest in railroad securities until that confidence is restored. To restore that confidence the Government must either guarantee a better return on the investment than on Government bonds or fix the rate so high that an enormous profit is practically assured.

"When people invest in business undertakings or oil wells there is a chance of getting back a thousand dollars to one. But when the Government fixes the rates this speculative value of the stock is eliminated, and it would not be possible to sell the securities or to finance the roads unless the Government guarantees a fixed income, which must be higher than the rate of interest on bonds.

"If the Government guarantees capital a certain per cent. on the investment, it means that the price of transportation will be in politics just as the tariff is to-day. The people will put the rate so low that it will be impossible to earn more than the guaranteed rate. With only a guaranteed income on the investment, it will only be a question of time before the roads will be managed by sons of

the largest stockholders or trustees, regardless of their ability. Such conditions will create an aristocracy such as the world has never known, and give us the worst possible form of railway management.

"If it could be financed, the railroads would have to pay financiers hundreds of millions of dollars to finance the deal. It cost more than fifteen million dollars to finance the street railways of New York. The people would eventually have to pay for the financing.

"There is no just way of forming such a corporation. The means provided by the Northern Securities Company were planned by Harriman, Hill, and Morgan, three of the greatest financiers the world has ever produced; and were as just as these men knew how to make them. The Northern Securities Company's plan was to pay more for the roads than their market value, based on previous earnings. This plan necessitated watering the stock on which dividends were to be paid. The people were forced to pay these increased dividends by increasing the rates.

"Is it just for the Government to appraise the property and tell A it must sell to B at the price and accept B's notes or bonds at

their face value? There is no group of men able to pay cash for the securities. If the Government merely gives the roads the privilege of combining, the profitable roads certainly will not permit the unprofitable roads to come into the combination. There is but one plan that will stand the test of justice to all and that is Government-owned and Government-controlled railroads."

"How would you control them?" the chairman asked.

"As one big system."

"How would you manage that system?"

"Through a board of directors, just as a big corporation is managed. I would vest this board of directors with such authority as the board of directors of a railroad usually has. I would give them the power to divide the railroad into as many different divisions or systems as they might see fit. I would vest them with authority to appoint and remove their officers, and to remove any one of their members by a vote of two thirds of the remaining members. I would make it necessary to secure thirty votes in order to carry any motion. I would vest the directors with the authority to borrow money, provided it becomes necessary and forty directors approve.

I would have the Government guarantee the payment of the money borrowed. I would give the directors the power to create a board to which labour could appeal, should they become dissatisfied with their wages.

"I would give the directors the authority and instruct them to pay ten per cent. more to their employees than three fifths of the private corporations pay for similar work. In case of a dispute I would make the courts the sole judge of what was similar work and of the price. I would then make it a misdemeanour for three or more men to combine and strike for any purpose."

"And who would appoint these directors?" another committeeman asked.

"I would have Congress select the directors through a process of elimination. This would be done first by selecting fifty of the largest and best-managed railway systems in existence to-day and requiring each system to furnish a complete list of all the men in their organization whom they consider competent to hold the position as one of these directors, together  
4 with a complete record of each man. This would give Congress a thousand or more names to select from. All of these men should then be catalogued with a complete record of their

business career and accomplishments. From this list of names I would have Congress select the directors. But in order to be selected each director would be required to qualify under oath and receive not less than two thirds of the votes of the qualified members of the House of Representatives and of the Senate.

“In order to qualify for voting, each member of the House and each Senator should take a solemn oath that he has not pledged his vote or support to any one and that he will cast his vote for the man he believes most competent to serve as a director, regardless of his politics or religion. Each director upon taking office should take a similar oath, and each of the general managers of each division or subdivision should be required to take an oath to perform his duties in the same manner.

“The ten directors securing the greatest number of votes should be selected for five years, the ten to receive the next greatest number for four, the next for three, two, and one years respectively. After the first year the old board of directors should be required to catalogue two hundred or more names they believe competent to serve as directors. Congress would have the privilege of using this



list as a guide in selecting the ten or more directors required to be selected each year.

"Our Congressmen and Senators are as competent to select a board of directors as a large number of stockholders would be. The fact that each man must receive two thirds of the qualified voters eliminates the possibility of his trying to buy a position as a director and assures the people the appointment of honest men.

"We do not need financiers. The Government will finance the roads. These financiers are the people who draw the high salaries because they control a lot of money and the different roads are willing to pay these men large salaries in order to secure their financial influence."

When the chairman reported to the convention he said: "Gentlemen, the judgment of the committee is that Mr. Preston's plan is most practicable. We believe the people are so anxious to avert strikes on the transportation systems that they want the Government to regulate wages of the men engaged in that business. We know the people are demanding the privilege of regulating the freight rates. We believe that for these privileges the people are willing to guarantee capital a reasonable return

on their investment, but with a guarantee they will fix the rates so low that it will be impossible for capital to earn more than the amount assured them. Under these conditions it will only be a question of time before the roads will be managed by sons of the large stockholders, regardless of their ability. This will create an aristocracy such as was never before heard of and give us the worst system on earth. We believe it is impossible to deal fairly with the people and put a valuation on the different roads that will satisfy the owners. This squabbling alone will consume the time of the commissioners who might be appointed by Congress. Unless we establish a standard classification and fix the rates in proportion to the cost of the service the board of trade in each of our two thousand cities and towns will be continually nagging at the commissioners for more favourable terms. In addition there will be more than ten thousand shippers each pleading for immediate action on their appeal for a revision of their rates. New conditions will be continually rising. Under such conditions the party that runs on a platform for lower rates is sure to get control. We believe all the roads should be under one management, and Congress is just

as competent to elect a board of directors to manage the roads as a half million stockholders would be.

“We believe that it is the duty of our Government to protect the weak from the strong. We do not believe that it is just to permit a trust that is making radiators in Buffalo to charge the citizens of that city forty cents for freight when there is no freight, for this not only imposes on the people of Buffalo but it enables the trust to crush a small firm that might be making radiators in Richmond, Virginia. A protective tariff is the policy of our party, and we believe the manufacturers in each locality should be protected by the cost of the freight. We believe, if we force a coal producer to make one price on board of cars at the mine, and the coal dealer to make one price to all his customers, the fear of having someone in his organization who knows the business going out and starting a small business will force the dealer to make a reasonable price. We do not believe it is right to permit a trust to sell harvesting machines to the American farmer at a higher price than he receives from the Canadian farmer. We believe justice demands that we force manufacturers, merchants, and miners to make one

and the same price to the weak and the strong alike. Therefore we strongly urge our party to recommend Government ownership of the railroads to be controlled by a board of fifty directors, each to be elected by two thirds of the qualified voters in Congress, with a uniform freight rate. And one and the same price to all, free on board of cars at mine, factory, or store.

“As chairman of the committee I am authorized to make the motion that we adopt these as the two principal planks in our platform and endorse Mr. Preston, the originator of the plan, as a candidate for the Senate from the New York district and appoint him as a delegate to represent the state at the National Convention with instructions to urge the adoption of these two planks as our national policy.”

The motion was carried with applause and Warren thanked his party for the honour.

## CHAPTER XVI

### A SCRAP OF PAPER

VON VILLARD was an expert at reading character and in securing the right man and putting him in the correct place at the proper time. His cotton business was handled in the most efficient manner, and his assistants were fully competent to run the business any time he cared to leave it with them. Capable representatives were placed in every city throughout the cotton belt, who submitted complete reports each day. These reports enabled him to know when good grades of cotton were going to be scarce and he began paying a premium for these grades early in the fall so at the close of the season he generally had the best grades at a remarkably low average in price.

Baronsky proved to be a very efficient man in his line, and when the Government filed a bill of injunction against the leaders of a strike he wrote touching speeches and selected men who delivered them with force. These

speeches had a tendency to divide the people into two classes, berated capital, and accused it of imposing on the working man and depriving labourers of the right to strike.

When Baronsky made the rounds to the editors of various papers and delivered to them the affidavit concerning Warren's parents he was invariably asked: "Who is Ebbert?"

He tried to make a plausible answer, but failing to convince the questioner, he said: "I thought your flag gave you the freedom of the press."

"And so it does," one editor replied, "so long as we stick to facts. We do not approve of Mr. Preston's politics, but he has a right to put them before the people and no member of the American Press will stoop to publish such statements concerning him without further proof."

Failing in his efforts, Baronsky turned the affidavit over to Von Villard to use as he saw fit.

In addition to Baronsky, Von Villard employed other henchmen, but not one of them knew of his connection with any other than himself. One henchman organized and promoted a strike among the meat distributors

in Brooklyn. He selected for his victim a firm that had a record of being most considerate of its men who had been working for a salary and a commission on the business they did. The men that ran the delivery trucks made from forty-five to eighty-one dollars a week, while the terms demanded were such that some of the men would receive two hundred and forty-nine dollars. If the conditions were accepted, it would force the firm out of business.

An investigation proved that the purpose of the strike was to force the firm to turn the business over to the employees to run, for which they proposed to pay a dividend of six per cent. on the investment, provided they made it. This union forbade its members belonging to any religious organization, claiming that the churches were controlled by capital and were enemies to the working man. Another henchman encouraged the drivers of the milk wagons to strike for fifty dollars a week, which resulted in raising the price of milk out of reach of the poor, and many babies died from starvation.

Mr. Stanton was fully informed in regard to Von Villard's cotton business, but never suspected his being interested in anything else.

He found him thoroughly posted on every important subject, and admired him for his congenial personality and business ability. He had made several investments solely on his recommendation, all of which had proven to be very profitable.

Von Villard was jealous of the way in which Grace greeted Warren at the speaking and was opposed to her work in the slums, but he realized she had reached an age where she was going to assert her own rights, so he felt it was politic to conceal his objections. He noticed her enthusiasm, but he thought the people with whom she came in contact were so feeble minded that it would make her appreciate the strength of those who attained success, and he hoped the work was a fad of which she soon would tire. He offered her his car to use in the slums and was vexed because she never found it convenient to accept his offer.

In order to divert her mind from her work he organized a riding club, which he equipped with the best of trained horses, and invited only her most congenial friends to join. He planned long rides through the prettiest part of the surrounding country and always arranged to break the trip at a road house, where he provided excellent lunches and entertain-



ment. He also leased a private golf course, secured instructors, and extended exclusive use of the links to Grace and her friends, hoping by doing all that he could to make the game attractive, that Grace would become more interested in sports and finally give up the slums as a hopeless task.

Grace did not like to accept these courtesies, but as Von Villard had never suggested their being anything more than friends, she could not refuse without offending her father. As she witnessed the suffering in the slums, where so many children were slowly starving for the want of proper food, and weighed the cost of the luxuries lavished on her, she felt it a sin to permit of such extravagance and would never allow her sports to interfere with her work.

Often she carefully compared Von Villard with Warren Preston: one possessed unlimited wealth and was a power in the world of finance; the other had educated himself and forced his own way until he had become a favourite possibility for political power; one her father welcomed as her suitor, while the other she dared not invite to her home; one was cold, indifferent, and selfish while the other was affectionate, kind, and generous;

both were energetic and willing to pay any price to accomplish their purpose. One was continually looking after his own interest and left the other fellow to look out for himself, but he was generous with his friends who generally paid their part in some other way; the other, she loved, but he was giving his life, his very soul and all that he possessed to benefit a class of people many of them too ignorant to appreciate his sacrifice; one possessed more traits in common with most people and was her father's favourite; the other was more popular with those who knew him best. Each was inclined to irritate the other so there was little chance of their ever being friends.

Several of the newspapers had published Warren's picture and one of them had given Grace his photograph, made from an original plate. She had sent in a subscription to a clipping bureau to secure all the accounts on Warren, and these clippings had accumulated until they became so bulky that it was necessary to provide means of caring for them. She secured a handsome scrap book, affixed Warren's picture on the preface page, arranged the news articles according to dates, and was carefully mounting them one day when she was interrupted by her stepmother.

Mrs. Stanton had just given her dog a bath and was holding it, wrapped in a towel in her arm, when she entered Grace's room without knocking. Having come in for the purpose of drying her dog in the sun from Grace's window, she connected her electric curling irons to the lamp socket and began combing and curling the dog's hair. "What are you doing, Grace?" she asked.

"Oh!—just amusing myself."

"What are those newspaper clippings about?"

"Just about the slums and a way to improve the conditions," Grace leisurely replied.

Mrs. Stanton saw "Warren Preston" in large type, and asked: "Are all those clippings concerning Mr. Preston?"

"Some of them are."

"Now if you don't get that man out of your mind I'm going to tell your father."

Grace regretted her stepmother's knowing about her scrap book, but as she could no longer conceal it she continued the pastime in spite of Mrs. Stanton's criticisms. The conversation continued with increased feeling; both women were talking but neither listening until Grace looked up from her work and remarked: "Well—there's one thing certain

and that is I'm going to be something more than a nurse for a dog."

Mrs. Stanton became indignant, and while trying to think of something to say she permitted the hot curling iron to touch the dog which broke the silence by his yelping.

In the afternoon Mr. Von Villard called to see Mr. Stanton and to take Grace for a ride. After a brief conversation he handed Mr. Stanton the affidavit Baronsky had secured from Ebbert concerning Warren's parents and remarked: "I'm sorry to deliver such a document, but it's at your request."

Mr. Stanton thanked him and sent Grace word that Mr. Von Villard was waiting for her.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

**T**HE literature which was sent out made it easy for Warren to get his plan adopted as the principal plank in the National platform of his party. This caused a re-alignment of party lines. In every state in the Union there was someone making the race for Congress, on the new platform. These candidates had succeeded in arousing interest in every section of the country.

In each county and hamlet the editors made a study of the freight rates, and each issue of their papers carried a short editorial on the subject: giving an instance of how they were being imposed on either by the commodity rate or by a comparison of their rate with some other place more favoured. All said that the rates were unjust. Some said that the system was taxation without a representation, some called it robbery, while others affirmed that it was a steal. In many instances the local rates were so high that wholesale grocery

houses were delivering their goods in auto trucks.

Many newspapers had reporters spending their time in the slums and writing about the conditions as they saw them. Some of the true stories published by these papers made those who read them weep in sympathy with those whose lives were tortured by the congested jam of humanity.

Warren closed his campaign at Gloversville, New York. The local paper had aroused so much interest that the Mayor responded to the popular demand, and declared a legal holiday. The local club of Warren's party gave a barbecue, and the farmers gathered from all parts of the county.

The city had prepared a speakers stand, near a spring, between two hills covered with trees. When Warren was introduced the people yelled. He motioned for silence. The hills rolled back the echo of the applause like distant thunder, and the people in the audience sprang to their feet, waved their hats, and yelled again. After the storm of applause he began speaking.

"I am a mere echo to the call of justice from the liberty-loving citizens of America. We inherit from our ancestors the right to

speaking through the ballot box and correct a great injustice to humanity. This birth-right was purchased with the blood of our forefathers. Under our form of government public criticism will strengthen our plan, if correct, and crush it if incorrect. The newspapers have considered it their duty to discuss our plans and have enlightened the people concerning the rates.

"The number of men who were born and educated in this country and who have left it and made good in other places more favoured with rates will surprise you."

He gave a list of names of men, prominent in large cities, who had been reared in the county where he was speaking. He repeated his campaign speech, telling them how the fruit trust of California and the railroads had combined and imposed on Denver and other points; how the radiator trust secured control of the market, and had imposed hardships on the small towns. He showed how the railroads had assisted in the formation of the beef trust by the rebate system and unjust rates, and how these rates imposed on the small towns and cities, by comparing Gloversville's rate on dressed meats with New York City. "From Chicago, Glovers-

ville's rate is eighty-eight cents\* for a seven hundred and eighty-eight mile haul, while New York pays only sixty-nine cents for a nine hundred and twelve mile haul. From Kansas City, Gloversville pays one dollar and seventeen cents for a twelve hundred and twenty mile haul, while New York pays only ninety-eight cents for a thirteen hundred and forty-two mile haul. From Fort Worth, Texas, Gloversville pays one dollar thirty-eight and one half cents for a seventeen hundred and twenty-four mile haul while New York pays only one dollar seventeen and one half cents for a eighteen hundred and five mile haul." He continued to show that Gloversville was not imposed on any more than other small towns and that these rates were only fair examples of this imposition.

He showed many instances of the unjust rates on flour. "The miller at Great Falls, Montana, has a rate to Minot, North Dakota, only two cents† less than the miller at Minneapolis, although the distance favours the Great Falls miller by nine hundred and thirty-one miles."

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\*Official rates effective December 8, 1919. I. C. C.

†The records of the Royal Milling Co., V. G. N. R. Y. Co. 47 I. C. C. 263, 269.



He gave many more rates, and cited cases where the people in the small towns were imposed upon. Then, turning to a large map, he called attention to the great railway systems which ran parallel and within a short distance of each other, also to the roads which were built beside the waters of Lake Erie, the Mississippi, and the two at the water's edge of the Hudson.

"In addition to this extravagance," he remarked, "most of the roads are leading to New York, where in case of war fifty war vessels could sail within reach of the city and by each firing a shot every fifteen minutes they could have a hundred fires burning the city to the ground within one hour. New York has the best fire department in the world but they are not prepared to fight a hundred fires at one time. Every nation knows the exact location of the city, which is so thickly populated that a shell would do immense damage anywhere it might hit, and should it strike one of the tall buildings or go through the streets into the subways the damage would be tremendous. It would be impossible for our batteries to locate these vessels and destroy them before the city could be burned. Neither could our Navy, which is scattered

along our long coastline, assemble in time to prevent the disaster. Then look at our gun and munition factories which I have indicated with red spots; in case New York was destroyed these would come in possession of an enemy. One sixth of our population lies east of the Hudson, and the arteries which feed these people pass through the city so exposed to the enemy. If New York were captured New England would have less than three weeks' supply of food and would be left with only two small roads as their only means of supply. There is not another city on our coast with railroad facilities sufficient to take care of our foreign trade in case New York should be captured. These facts make New York the target of the enemy in case of a war. Every farmer knows better than to take all of his eggs to market in a single basket. The location and construction of railroads is a work of the Government and should be built with the purpose of serving the people as a whole. We have many cities on our coast, each of which should have a portion of our foreign trade.

“For military purpose, if for no other reasons, the Government should own and operate the railway, telephone, and telegraph lines.

The American Federation of Labour now has about six million members, well organized in sufficient number to control every essential industry, while our small army of only two hundred and fifty thousand men are scattered from Maine to California. Organized labour holds the keys to the valves that control the water supply to our army camps as well as every means of communicating from one section of the country to the other. Labour could send twelve men to the homes of every officer of the law, from justice of the peace to judge, including sheriff and policemen, and still hold twelve men in reserve for each and every soldier. If the radical element were to get control of organized labour and were to engage competent lawyers and assemble in Washington in sufficient numbers what could prevent their overthrowing our Government? Even if it was possible to get a message from Washington the union could prevent the publication of that message by preventing a single issue of each and every paper until its officials swore allegiance to the new government.

“Would not the taking over of the railroads give each citizen two hundred dollars’ worth of property? Would not the placing of only one-tenth of one per cent. tax on the first five

thousand worth of real estate and increasing this one per cent. for each additional five thousand dollars until the tax amounts to ten per cent. shift the taxes to the large estates? Do the people pay the large salaries the incorporations give to their officials? If the new government were to put a graduated tax on corporations that would limit these salaries to twenty thousand dollars, would the people be benefited? If the new government were to advocate such changes and assure the people who now own less than a half million dollars, worth of property all the privileges they now enjoy, and if they should offer to pay all who hold less than five thousand dollars, worth of railroad securities for their holdings, would it be possible to rally the people in sufficient numbers to overthrow the new government? Would ninety-nine per cent. of the people be benefited by such laws at the expense of the other one per cent? If the facts were published telling how John Jacob Astor, Vanderbilt, Marshall Field and others made their fortune, what effect would this have toward consoling the people to the justice of the new government? Did our Government pay the owners for the slaves when they were freed?—Or did they pay for the

damage when the 'Wild Cat Banks,' were destroyed?—Or did they reimburse the distiller for his plant when prohibition went into effect? When the British engaged George Washington, did they think it possible for him to rise in arms against that Government? Surely those who know the nature of men will see the necessity of the Government's taking control of the railroad, telephone, and telegraph lines.

"I am looking into the faces of mothers who have sacrificed their sons on the fields of Flanders for the cause of justice," he said. "Old Bunker Hill will stand forever as a monument to the men who gave their lives rather than pay a duty on tea without a representation in Parliament. In those days tea was a luxury, but the people in the small towns and rural districts have been taxed on the necessities of life, for their shoes, clothing, furniture, the tools they work with, their bread and their meat, have all been taxed for years and years without a representation, and by corporations in order to reimburse the railroads for delivering goods in the large cities at less than cost. The natural advantages New York has makes her more able to pay the cost of her freight than any other city in this country, but still the small towns are taxed for the benefit of

her landlords. Our grandfathers lived under a king, who sent his army to America to collect a duty on tea, but they defied that king, destroyed his army, and established a government for their children's children that bends and yields to the will of the majority of the people.

"Has the power of oratory been stricken from this earth? Is there not one among this generation who possesses the force of Patrick Henry to arouse the people to vote for their rights? When will the people realize the injustice and the extravagance of the present freight rate system? When will they see the light? Will it be when the advance in rents, due to the increased value of the property, will be more than the people can pay? Will the majority of the people have to feel the fangs of poverty and hear their own children cry for bread? Or will they be moved by those cries that are now being smothered by the whirr and noise of business in the crowded slums of a large city? The people are the jury who must decide whether or not we shall have government ownership of the railroads. What will their verdict be? Will the God of justice permit this misery to continue and increase as the population increases or will He

arouse the people from their peaceful slumber to hear the cry of these poor starving souls?"

When he finished speaking, the surrounding hills roared with the echo from the applause of the audience. The band played "Yankee Doodle" while the people rushed forward to shake his hand and offer their congratulations.

The next day, when Grace met Warren, in Riverside Park, she gave him a handsome watch, locket, and chain, with his monogram engraved on them which she had purchased with savings from her allowance.

When he opened the locket and found it contained a beautiful picture of Grace his face beamed with happiness. His steel-gray eyes met those soft, brown appealing eyes of hers and he embraced her fondly. He gently closed the locket, ran the chain through a buttonhole, and placed the watch and locket in his pocket, as he said: "My appreciation of this token of friendship and I might say love is beyond my power to express. I value the gift more than anything I possess and I hope to make myself worthy of your trust and admiration."

"I am sure you will," she said as she permitted him to hold her hand.

They discussed, in soft tones, the future and what it held in store for them. She described her beautiful dream of happiness and told him that after the election she was going to ask her father to let her invite him to her home, and that she could then introduce him to her friends.

As Warren listened to her dreams he was agreeably surprised with the economy displayed in the building of her air castle. She was so certain he would be elected, that he hesitated to suggest the possibility of his defeat. She was more than any one else in the world to him and he did not consider it honest to conceal anything from her.

His political party had covered the field thoroughly and kept him fully advised. He was reasonably sure the state outside of New York City would give him a majority of one hundred and twenty-five thousand and possibly one hundred and fifty thousand. New York City was a problem. Both sides claimed it, but most estimates gave it to his opponent and the betting odds were against him. The papers and the influence of the Press were about evenly divided. Just how many people had been sufficiently interested in the beginning of the campaign to read the descriptions



of the suffering and condition in the slums, there was no way of telling. The straw vote published by one of the papers indicated that Warren would lose the city by one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

When Warren told her of these conditions she gripped his hand and said: "But you will win. God will not let you lose, for your plan to relieve the congested conditions in the slums and treat the people in the small towns and rural districts fair is right and the people will hear the call of justice."

As she spoke her voice dropped until she finished in a whisper. Neither could think of words to express their emotions, so they sat and looked at the Palisades on the western bank of the Hudson which stood as a monument to the power of God. The shrubbery was green and the surroundings picturesque, while the sheen of the river reflected the beautiful colours of the western sky as the sun sank behind a thin silver cloud with a reddish glow. They silently gazed at the sheen of the river until it disappeared with the setting sun.

Although not old enough to vote Grace was an active worker in the campaign, and had taken a stand in opposition to her father. She

amused Mr. Stanton and he enjoyed teasing her about her political career. He still considered her a mere girl and was too considerate of her feelings to let her know of the affidavit he had concerning Warren's parents and his illegitimate birth.

Grace read the newspapers with interest, but soon became disgusted with those which opposed her ideas, and refused to read them. She never once doubted the result of the election, and her dreams of the future included Warren as a member of the Senate.

On the night of the election the owners on Broadway had their electric signs especially prepared so that each would display the beautiful colours in order to attract the most attention. These illuminations made Broadway an area of sparkling jewels rich in colour.

The newspapers had worked the people up to a white heat with enthusiasm, and a crowd of college boys had secured a coffin on which they had painted the name of Warren's opponent. Their football team was acting as pall-bearers while the students followed as mourners, dressed in red robes, singing and cheering. Warren was also buried in effigy, but with less elaborate ceremonies, while many people wore fantastic caps, rich in colour,

and carried trumpets, bells, confetti, and other means for celebrating their victory.

In spite of all the enthusiasm the crowd was good natured and each took the other's scoffing as a sportsman, but some were more serious and seemed to think that if the election did not go as they had voted the country was ruined. Each individual had voted as he thought best and was nervously waiting to know the results.

The New York *Times* had announced its intentions of flashing from the tower on top of its building a coloured light which would indicate the winner. Other papers made similar announcements, and the people crowded the streets to get the election returns.

Von Villard had dinner with the Stantons, and as they finished he remarked to Grace, who was seated at his side: "Well, we will soon know what the people think of Preston's dream."

"You bet we will, and they will think well of it," she quickly responded.

Mr. Stanton had arranged for a private wire to his home for the purpose of securing the election returns, and had planned a trip uptown to see the crowds before the returns began to come in, so he announced that the car was waiting at the front for that purpose.

As the car went down Broadway the sidewalks were filled with people yelling and throwing confetti, and when they reached Columbus Circle, the people were so thick that they had to *détour*, but they finally got back on Broadway and reached Forty-fourth Street, where they were stopped again.

Warren's colour was flashed from the tower of the *Times* and when Grace saw it, she exclaimed: "Oh, joy—I told you so!"

The other occupants of the car laughed at her enthusiasm.

The college students who were near with their corpse yelled with joy, started their band, and began dancing, ringing their bells, and blowing their trumpets in triumph. Half the people yelled "Preston!—Preston!" and the other half hissed at his name. The policemen, mounted on large bay horses, rode up and down the streets keeping the people within a fixed line. "Get back!" was their continuous command to the surging mass.

As the colour of the light on the tower changed, the crowd in opposition to Warren shouted their enthusiasm.

Von Villard clapped his hands, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanton laughed as Grace sighed. "Is it possible?"

The police cleared the way at Mr. Stanton's request and the car emerged from the crowd into a side street. They drove down through Herald Square, where they watched the crowd for a few minutes, then into Fifth Avenue and to Mr. Stanton's home. As they entered the house the operator whom Mr. Stanton had engaged to receive the returns announced: "Preston has lost five precincts out of six reported in New York City."

It was happy news to all but Grace. Von Villard clapped his hands almost in her face, which she resented. He turned to Mr. Stanton and said: "Miss Grace seems peeved."

"She is young. She will get over it," Mr. Stanton remarked, laughingly.

"Preston wins three crowded precincts," the operator announced.

A few minutes later the news came that Warren was running well up state.

Grace clapped her hands and danced with joy.

"Preston is running a good race," Mr. Stanton remarked.

There was a lull of a few minutes during which they could get no news and so Mrs. Stanton ordered refreshments served.

Presently the operator announced: "Pres-

ton loses New York City by one hundred and fifty-seven thousand."

Grace stopped eating, for she realized for the first time the possibility of Warren's defeat. The shock was so severe no one would dare tease her. The others finished their refreshments in silence.

Later the news came that the *Gazette*, Preston's strongest supporter, conceded the election to his opponent.

Grace burst into tears with disappointment. She rushed upstairs to her room, closed the door, took Warren's picture from her desk and looked at it in silence as she studied the situation. She knew he had fought a good fight against heavy odds and grieved that he should have lost by a small margin. He had no family to comfort him in his sad hour of defeat; so she fancied she could see him going to his room feeling that he had sacrificed his time and a splendid opportunity, which she had offered him, for a lost cause. She knew of large donations that had been given to his opposing party to influence the people against his plan; while he had nothing to offer to influence the people but facts and his time which he gave as an appeal to the people for justice. She kissed his picture and placed

it so that it would be looking at her as she wrote:

DEAR WARREN:

I wish I could be with you, for I love you in defeat as much as I could in victory.

Yours forever,

GRACE.

She carried the letter down the back stairway, gave it to Tom, and asked him to deliver it to Mr. Preston at once.

The campaign had put Warren in close touch with some of the wealthiest, most generous and influential citizens in New York and had made him known throughout the state. But he had not realized what this publicity might mean to his future career as a lawyer, in case he should be defeated.

The evening of the election he had dinner at the Political Club with five of his friends who knew nothing of his financial condition but realized that the race was going to be close. As they finished dinner, several of the members of the club congratulated him on the way he was running up state. He received their congratulations with a courteous smile that drew him closer to the people who had supported him. When the news began to

come in that made the election look doubtful and Warren began to feel that he might be defeated, the members of the club gathered in large groups and tried to cheer him up by telling him he had put up a great fight.

He was so calm that the club members did not wish to see him suffer the bitter sting of certain defeat so when the news came that he had lost the city by one hundred and fifty-seven thousand and that the *Gazette* had conceded the election to his opponent, the members of the club told him they had to go home to their families. They wished him good luck and left before he knew of the news.

When the people had gone and the club seemed deserted, he went to the reporter and received the returns. He carefully studied them and saw that every county had reported except Orlando. He had not spoken in Orlando County because he had been informed that that county would be taken care of by the friends of his family. There were only 12,000 votes in the county, and if he should receive seven votes to five, which was a better ratio than the other counties had given, the majority would not be sufficient to overcome the loss in the city.

He retired to a lonely corner, took out his



wallet, and saw that it was practically empty. He had spent all he had saved since he had come to New York and while in France, and had nothing to live on until he could build up his law practice. It was not the first time he had thought of defeat, but he had not supposed the race would cost him so much. He had less money than he had ever had since he sold his dog, which incident in his life he recalled with vivid memory.

He recalled the words of his parting friends: "We are going home to our families." He had no home to go to, so he said to himself: "What a pleasure it would be if only Laddy, my faithful dog, were in my room to-night to welcome my arrival in his dumb, affectionate way!" He felt sorry for the people for whom he had fought. He had done all in his power to save them, and yet he must continue to see them suffer.

He opened the locket Grace had given him, looked at her picture, and studied it for a long time. She was the one woman in all the world he could love, and he felt certain that she loved him. Yet there was a tremendous gulf between their stations in life and his love was too great to ask her to sacrifice the comforts she might enjoy to share the hardships and toil with him.

As he continued to weigh the matter carefully in his mind the porter brought him a note. He recognized the handwriting and noticed the zigzag line formed by the letters in his name. He wondered what was in the note, but somehow he hesitated to open it. His face beamed with happiness as he read it. For a few minutes he silently indulged in a pipe dream, then wrote:

DEAR GRACE:

I bow to the will of the majority of the people.  
Your love will inspire me to do great things.

Yours,

WARREN.

The election between the local officers of Orlando County being close, a great deal of interest was taken and a heavy vote polled. The president of the mill in which Warren had worked as a boy had provided automobiles in each precinct in the county, and after twelve o'clock these machines were sent to bring those who had not voted to the polls. As a result Orlando cast the heaviest vote in her history. In the centre of the square at Orlando where a monument had been erected to the honour of Warren's grandfather who had

sacrificed his life to preserve the Union, several speeches were delivered in Warren's interest.

Doctor Brogden, who had become so old and feeble that he tottered as he walked, was led to the polls by some of the young men, where he sat and listened until the last vote was counted. Often the count was five straight for Warren, and when the checker would say, "Preston tallies," Doctor Brogden would cheer by stamping the floor with his cane. On account of the interest in the election of the county officials the local votes were counted first.

Warren remained at the club until three o'clock in the morning and for the last two hours he had been thinking of the future and making his plans. His party refused to concede the election to his opponent on such a close margin until the official count was received. Just as he was leaving the club, with a few friends who had left him alone but lingered about the club to get the final news and to go with him to his hotel, one of the porters rushed up to him and said: "Good news, Mr. Preston—Orlando County gives you ten thousand majority which gives you the state by three thousand!"

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His friends cheered, raised their hats, and cheered again and again.

He smiled and thanked the men and the porter courteously. He started to phone Grace, but decided it was too late. He made certain that the news was authentic, then went to his room.

The message confirmed his confidence in the plan and the justice of the people, while the reports from the election in other states seemed certain that half of the House and the Senate would be in favour of his plan. He now had hopes of benefiting the people whom he started out to help and so he felt as if the foundation of his work was well finished. Arriving at the hotel, he left a seven o'clock call with the night clerk and went to sleep at once after retiring.

In order to see the morning paper which was usually placed at Mr. Stanton's seat, Grace was the first member of the family to enter the dining room. Running across the entire front page were the big headlines: "Preston is elected by small majority." She did not wait to read more but clasped her hands to her breast which heaved with silent joy, then arranged the paper so her father would read it before being seated, and went to her room where she wrote:

DEAR WARREN:

I am wild with joy. Through the voice of the people God has approved of your plan.

Meet me at our favourite seat at nine-thirty.

Yours forever,

GRACE.

Von Villard left the Stanton home immediately after receiving the news of Warren's defeat. He went to his suite, opened a bottle of champagne, and proceeded to celebrate his victory. For indeed, to him, Warren's defeat was a victory. He knew that Grace was fascinated by Warren, and if he was defeated he could not push his suit, on account of his financial condition, if for no other reason. Von Villard knew he was not repulsive to Grace, that he was a favourite of the family, and Grace's father would have a tremendous influence over her. So after celebrating he retired, leaving the bottle and glasses on the table beside the bed.

The next morning he did not wake until the butler knocked at the door to deliver the paper in accordance to instructions given the night before. "I'll be damned!" he jerked as he read the headlines.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE FIVE SENSES AND TWO MORE

WHEN Grace left to fill her engagement, she gave no excuse to her father or mother for the unusual ride so early in the morning. But as she had not been able to conceal her enthusiasm over the results of the election, Mr. Stanton grew suspicious and followed at once in his car. He saw Grace enter the park, and he walked the same trail she had taken, but was careful not to let her see him.

Grace found Warren waiting behind dense shrubbery on a seat near the trail. "I knew you would win," she said as she extended her hand, "but I wish to congratulate you from the bottom of my heart. I didn't realize until last night the heavy odds that were against you."

"But the truth and justice were on my side and they usually win," he said as he motioned for her to be seated.

Excited with joy she began telling him of her

experience the evening before while the magnetism between the eyes of the two lovers drew them closer and closer together, until she paused in the description of her experience and he embraced her. She caressed him and said: "You are my ideal man, my hero."

Warren had intended to go to Washington at once, to secure information that would enable him to frame his bill and to formulate his plan. He told her of his intentions, gave Hotel Willard as his address in Washington, and assured her he would be back in a week. After talking a long time, they bade each other a reluctant farewell, and he walked with her to the car, which had returned and was waiting, and then rushed to catch his train.

By creeping close and peering through the shrubbery, Mr. Stanton had seen that the two lovers were too much concerned with themselves to know what was going on about them, although he was only ten feet away. "My God!" he whispered to himself when he saw them caress and heard Grace's words of love. He crept from the shrubbery, went to his waiting car, and ordered the chauffeur to drive him to his home.

He found Mrs. Stanton sitting on the couch in her living room. She had just finished

combing her dog's hair and was tying a bow of ribbon around its neck. He walked the floor nervously as he related the scene he had just witnessed and told her for the first time of the affidavit he had concerning Warren's parents.

"Then show her the affidavit and surely she will dismiss him from her life forever," she suggested. She told of the scrap book Grace had made from the newspaper clippings concerning the campaign.

"It is the most serious moment in her life. The fact that he has succeeded, in spite of such a tremendous obstacle, might increase her admiration and respect for his ability and make her love him the more for his personality and achievements. She would be certain to demand the information as to how I secured the affidavit and this might prejudice her forever against Von Villard. If she should marry Warren after we told her, it would make a barrier between us and her husband that we could never overcome. I might adopt a son, but I will never give her up. He is the youngest man that was ever elected to the Senate, he is handsome, and I can understand how, in her youth, she can be fascinated by him. She is like her mother, and would never have



caressed him as she did unless she thought she loved him."

"She is a sentimental little fool!" her step-mother retorted.

"When I told her I was going to be married, she kissed me and said: 'Anything to make you happy, Daddy—but you know I can never love her like I did my mother.' You have never understood each other. I feel certain it is youth's fancy that is prompting her and that the emotion will eventually subside if we can only prevent her seeing him for a while. But we must be very careful."

After a lengthy discussion it was decided to take the family physician into their confidence and have him recommend a trip to Europe at once on account of Mrs. Stanton's health. This could be done, because she frequently had attacks of indigestion and the doctor was called often. Mr. Stanton hesitated to deceive Grace in this way, but because of circumstances he decided it best for her future happiness.

When Grace reached home she was surprised to find Mrs. Stanton in bed and the doctor attending her. She remained in her room but a few moments before she was asked to go to lunch with her father, and after lunch

they went for a long ride. Mr. Stanton did not mention the incident he had witnessed in the morning or the plan of sending her abroad but told her that Mrs. Stanton's illness might be serious.

Von Villard had arranged dinner at the Ritz and a box party at the opera for Grace and four of her friends, and was at the Stanton home waiting for her when she and her father returned from their ride.

While Grace was dressing for the evening, Mr. Stanton told Von Villard that they feared she was more or less fascinated with a young man and for that reason they had decided to send her abroad, and related his plan for getting her to consent to the trip.

"That's a great idea," he remarked, "and as my work permits, I will surprise the ladies by being aboard the boat after leaving shore."

Mr. Stanton assured him they would welcome his company and they arranged to meet at the office of the steamship line the next morning to arrange for the passage.

Mrs. Stanton had prepared herself for entering the bed at the appointed hour when Grace and her father were to return. While she was waiting for Grace to dress she began to realize the situation into which she was drift-

ing and the difficult rôle she had undertaken, but she had started and was determined to see it through. After dressing, Grace went down the back stairs and her stepmother did not hear her approaching until she was almost at the door. The sudden change in Mrs. Stanton's expression and her quick return to the bed was so comical that her nurse could hardly keep from going into hysterics.

Grace gently crept through the dimly lighted chamber to the bed, smoothed her mother's brow with her hand, expressed her sympathy, and offered to cancel her engagement for the evening. But the patient refused her offer and soon asked her to leave the room.

When they arrived at the Ritz they found a table had been beautifully decorated with flowers, and favours had been provided for each member of the party. The dining room was filled with people dressed for the opera, and special music had been arranged for the occasion. The dinner was served in the most elaborate style, no expense having been spared to make the dinner party a success.

After dinner they occupied a box at the opera. The party had been so carefully arranged that they were seated only a few moments before the lights were dimmed, and

the orchestra started with soft, appealing notes. The curtain was drawn, displaying a magnificent setting of a king's palace and the opera started with all the pomp it was possible to display. The artists had been selected with care and their voices blended with perfect harmony. The sense of taste had been satisfied by the best food known to man, the air was filled with fragrant perfumes, the chairs were comfortable, and the hall was heated to the correct temperature. The boxes were filled with fashionable women handsomely gowned and men whose bearing spoke prosperity. Jewels were everywhere, reflecting and sparkling with every colour in the rainbow. When the chorus joined in the singing and the orchestra burst into its loud, thrilling notes, the ear was pleased. When the curtain fell and the act ended, the five senses had been satisfied.

Between the acts the people amused themselves looking through their opera glasses at other people in the audience, to see how they were dressed, and what they looked like, and to inspect their jewels.

"You see those people in the second box on the north side of the house," Von Villard remarked, during an intermission, "that is

Mr. Raker's party. He is one of the big timber kings, who secured a large portion of the land which the Government granted for the building of the railroads in the West. The gentleman in the box with the lady who has the big diamond dog collar controls the market on electric motors. You see that lady in the eighth box with the large diamond sunburst. Her husband controls the market on steel pipe. The man that was pulling the ermine scarf over his wife's shoulders controls the market on enamelled iron plumbing fixtures. The Government forced the trust to liquidate and they cleaned up more on selling the stock in the various companies than they would have made in several years had they continued as they were. That diamond tiara his wife is wearing is said to have cost more than a half million. It required one of the best jewellers in America more than a year to assemble and match the stones." He continued to point out the men who controlled the markets and then said that he had rather control the market on any article than to have the income of a king. He called attention to one man who had made fifty million by controlling the market on a five-cent drink.

Grace was mentally comparing the condition

of the people in the audience wearing expensive gowns that could be used only a few times with those who lived in the slums, where she had seen, with her own eyes, women toiling long hours for enough money to buy a soup bone, and counting themselves lucky if they saved enough money to buy steak once a month. She knew that her physical senses had been satisfied but she was not happy. She discovered for the first time the feelings of conscience and love. She knew that the favours and the evening's entertainment for her party had cost Von Villard at least a thousand dollars, and when she thought of the necessities of life the money would have bought and the suffering it would have relieved, her conscience hurt her for the way the talents were used.

She thought of Warren, working at Washington to benefit those people and happy in his work, although he had to practise economy in everything that he did. He knew he was doing his duty, his conscience was clean, and this afforded him more pleasure than satisfying all his material senses. It was love that was making her think of Warren, and this was the strongest of the seven senses; although only a short time had passed since she discovered

what love was, she realized it was possible to go through life without really knowing what love or conscience was like.

The next morning Grace was called early and her father told her, in a manner which seemed plausible, of the necessity of sending Mrs. Stanton to Europe and of his plan to send Grace with her.

"You know, Daddy," Grace said, deliberately, after thinking for some time, "Mother and I have never been congenial and I would rather not go—but—she is the woman you love—so for your sake I'll go, Daddy, provided when I return you will let me marry any one I might choose."

"I'll want you to be with me six months after you return, baby, but after that time you may marry any one you wish and I'll give you enough money to build you a nice home and run it for a year."

Grace reluctantly agreed to the conditions and went to her room to write Warren all she knew of the plan and finished the letter by saying:

Father has promised me a large sum of money and freedom to marry whom I please upon my return, provided I will go. The days will be long without you, but I promise to make a good wish for you each day.

The first wish is that I will not be gone long. I hope to see you before I leave and will phone you as soon as I learn when we are to sail.

Yours forever,

GRACE.


She mailed the letter, attended a meeting of charity workers, carried some poor children to ride in her car, had tea with some friends, and returned home in time for six o'clock dinner.

While Grace was writing to Warren, Mr. Stanton received a wire for her. It was a night message from Warren telling her that he had not been able to get a room at the Willard and was stopping at the Raleigh. The message told her briefly what he was doing and assured her he would write the following day. Mr. Stanton destroyed the message and left at once to secure the transportation. He found that there was a boat leaving the next morning at eleven o'clock, the last for two weeks. After securing passage on it, he informed Mrs. Stanton of what he had done and instructed the servants to be on duty the next morning at six o'clock in order to have the trunks packed and ready to leave the house at nine. Grace was called the next morning at seven o'clock and told she must



leave the house at ten. She protested against leaving so early, put in a long-distance call for Warren, and ordered her breakfast served in her room but ate very little. She packed her scrap book and some other personal effects but left most of the packing to her maid. At nine o'clock the baggage was sent to the boat as planned.

As Mr. Stanton did not know Grace had ever seen Warren more than two or three times, he felt certain she was simply carried away by the ovation he had received by the Press and the public, and he doubted if Warren loved her. He felt certain if their love was genuine it would stand the test of time and if not the trip might prevent a serious mistake. By her strong protest against going on short notice and her anxiety to see Warren before leaving he thought possibly they were not definitely engaged and that he was taking the necessary steps at the proper time to break up the affair. It was the first time in his life that he had wilfully deceived any one, and when he made the plan he did not know it would require so much deceit, and his conscience hurt him for what he had done. He had always granted her every wish, and now he felt it his duty to refuse what she considered the





“ . . . you don't know and I can't tell you all—”



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most important request she had ever made. It was the most painful duty he had ever performed but he was not a man to shirk responsibility, so he was determined to see it through just as he had intended.

When failing to get Warren on the phone, Grace called the room clerk at Hotel Willard shortly after nine o'clock, who informed her that Mr. Preston was not stopping there. She burst into tears from the disappointment and remained alone in her room.

At ten o'clock Mr. Stanton called, but Grace would not answer. He entered her room and found she had fallen across the bed almost exhausted and with her face buried in her arms. "Come, daughter, we must go now," he said as he pulled her arms from her face and kissed her.

"Daddy—you don't know, and I can't tell you all—please postpone the trip until the next boat! I must have an understanding with Mr. Preston before I leave. I have tried to get him over the phone but have failed. Please, Daddy! It is so important! It is the biggest thing I have ever asked of you and the easiest thing to grant. Won't you do it, Daddy? If mother were living, I could tell her all. She would understand

and grant my wish. Do it, Daddy, for her sake! Won't you? I am making the trip for the sake of the woman you love. Do you grant me this wish before I go?"

"I'm sorry, daughter—but I can't," he whispered.

Mr. Stanton and Grace continued to argue and plead with each other but neither would yield; so finally her father called the doctor to assist him in carrying her to the car. After they had taken hold of her arms to pull her from her sitting position, she sobbed:

"No! Daddy, I surrender to your will rather than to force. I'll go."

## CHAPTER XIX

### A STORM IN LIFE

**M**R. STANTON and the doctor went on board the boat to see that the baggage was properly placed and everything was arranged for the ladies' convenience. Then Mr. Stanton bade his wife good-bye and left her in her stateroom with the doctor while he went to speak to the captain and to place the ladies under his care.

The doctor, chatting confidentially with Mrs. Stanton, advised her to remain in bed for a couple of days in order to make Grace feel that the voyage was really necessary. He then went to the gangplank and waited for her husband.

Grace, with rebellion and despair in her heart, followed her father and told the captain her mother was seriously ill. The captain, who had noticed that she had been crying and supposed it was on account of her mother, answered in a sympathetic way: "All right, madam, I'll see to it that you land all right

and that your mother gets the best of attention!"

As Mr. Stanton was about to leave the boat, Grace kissed him and said, "Good-bye, Daddy. Forgive me if I have been naughty. I promise to be good enough to make amends for the trouble I have caused. I suppose you know best." Although he was silent, he could not conceal his emotions, but he embraced her hastily and turned away. After he and the doctor had landed the dock men pulled down the gangplank and the boat started on her voyage.

Grace waved a farewell as she stood on deck, with wistful eyes watching the land gradually fade from her vision. She then went to the stateroom and read to her mother until she grew tired and pettishly asked to be left alone.

The girl went to her stateroom where she amused herself by reviewing her scrap book. She had slept very little the three previous nights so she soon fell asleep from exhaustion, but awoke before long and dressed for dinner. She ordered soup and crackers for Mrs. Stanton and under no condition would she consent for her to have anything more.

Just why they should make such a trip with-

out a nurse or a maid she could not quite understand, although she had been told it was impossible, at that time, on account of war-time conditions, to secure passports for servants or attendants. She felt that her position as nurse carried with it a great responsibility, but she was determined faithfully to perform her duty.

That night she retired early but was unable to sleep. When the rays of the sun peeped through her porthole in the morning and she looked across the blue waters and saw the top of the sun, which looked like a big ball of fire, she rested her chin on her arms in the porthole and gazed at the rising sun until it became so brilliant that it hurt her eyes. The sea was perfectly calm, with not a whitecap in sight.

Restless and unhappy, she dressed, went on deck, sat alone, and watched the waters close in and blot the wake of the vessel from the sea forever. As she watched the white foam, caused by the churning of the propeller, disappear before her eyes, she felt that nature might be upset by man for awhile, but in the course of time God would smooth everything out. She knew that her love, future, and hope were being shattered by the influence of others,



just as the propeller was disturbing the peaceful waters of the sea, and she wondered how long it would be before the power of God would bring her and the man she loved together: would it be in this life or after death? As she had a vision of Warren as they last met and fancied she saw him sitting by her side again, her face brightened with the thought.

The captain had been standing near watching without her knowledge, and when he saw her face change he came over and began conversing, telling her some wonderful stories of his experience on the sea, to which she listened with interest. As they were talking a handsome man about thirty-three years of age came near and watched the wake of the vessel. Knowing him to be one of the best-known physicians in all Europe the captain called the doctor over and introduced him, then excused himself to attend to his duties.

Grace, influenced by the happy, jovial disposition of the doctor, and finding him interesting, soon told him of her mother's illness and insisted on his making an examination. Finding a physician relieved her of a feeling of tremendous responsibility.

She went to the stateroom and discovered that her mother had just waked from the

night's sleep, so she put the room in order and informed Mrs. Stanton that the doctor was waiting to see her. In reply to her protests Grace said, "Now, Mother, that is a sure sign that you are desperately ill. I am your nurse. Father put you under my care and told me to look after you, so you must do as I say. You must see that doctor!" she spoke in such a firm manner that Mrs. Stanton saw there was no use to argue.

"My God! What a predicament," Mrs. Stanton whispered to herself as Grace went for the doctor.

After completing a thorough examination, in the presence of Grace, the doctor said he would prepare some medicine, and instructed Grace to give one dose every hour. A few minutes after leaving the room the doctor met the captain who inquired as to the seriousness of her illness. He informed the captain it was a plain case of "hyp" and that he had prepared some of the worst medicine on earth to take, that he could not tell the young lady her mother was not sick, but he thought the patient would get up rather than take the concoction. The captain laughed and passed on.

Grace was very exact in carrying out the

doctor's instructions and gave the first dose immediately. When she turned her back Mrs. Stanton scrubbed her tongue with her handkerchief, shrugged her shoulders, heaved with nausea, and made an indescribable face. As Grace repeated the dose every hour, Mrs. Stanton's thoughts were inexpressible, but the next day the invalid was up on deck as the doctor had predicted and Grace thought the medicine had worked wonders.

She found out to what hotel in Stockholm the baggage was checked, and sent Warren a wireless message giving her intended address, to which she requested him to write and expressed her regrets for having to leave on short notice.

In order to surprise the ladies Von Villard went on board the boat early, had his meals in his stateroom, and purposely avoided coming in contact with Grace and her mother. The first day he spent most of the time in the smoking room playing cards and getting acquainted with the passengers. He had made the voyage several times and knew most of the crew. When he came on deck he found Grace at the stern of the vessel, and surprised her with his presence. He told her he had been feeling bad for some time and had de-

cided at the last minute to take a vacation. He complained of suffering from sea sickness the two previous days and offered this as an excuse for his being confined to his stateroom. He was patiently waiting for an opportunity to press his suit, but finding Grace not in a sentimental mood he confined his conversation to general topics.

Grace had been relieved of a great feeling of responsibility and loneliness by the young doctor, who had introduced her to several congenial people on the boat, and she gave him credit for her mother being able to sit up. Although these facts made Grace more cheerful she talked to Von Villard a few minutes only before excusing herself to join her mother and new friends who were sitting on deck in steamer chairs listening to the young doctor tell things of interest concerning Sweden and her people.

Later Von Villard joined the group, bringing with him several magazines which he presented to Grace and Mrs. Stanton. He soon noticed the attention the young doctor was paying the girl, which made him somewhat jealous. He had never seriously considered Warren's possibilities, but the young doctor showed evidence of wealth and social position

and was taking advantage of every opportunity to become acquainted with Grace and her mother

That evening Von Villard insisted that the two women have dinner with him. So far, Grace had not permitted her mother to have anything but soup and crackers, but Mrs. Stanton knew she would not attempt to keep her on a diet in the presence of Von Villard, so she gladly accepted her first opportunity for a good meal.

Von Villard was always generous with his tips to every one from captain to stoker and generally got anything on the boat that he wanted and with it the best of attention. He had met several vaudeville stars on the boat and after dinner he arranged for them to give a performance, which was a decided success, and this together with other courtesies he extended soon made him a favourite among the passengers. He knew he had left his work in competent hands that would prove faithful and loyal to the end, and he thought all nations and people were selfish and that success was simply a survival of the fittest. He believed he was doing a great work by stirring up strife in America and thereby placing obstacles in the way of the competitors of his oppressed

countrymen. So these feelings deprived his face of any expression of guilt he might otherwise have had.

On the fourth day of the voyage the passengers were commenting on the calmness of the sea, the clear atmosphere, the beautiful blue sky, and the bright reflection of the sun on the surface of the water, when there appeared a small white thunder head which when first noticed was just peeping above the horizon, but which grew larger and larger and as it increased in size it became darker, finally becoming a great, black cloud fringed with angry streaks.

As the cloud came closer, the passengers became excited and consulted the captain for his opinion.

"You never can tell about the sea," he said, in a calm manner, "I have seen a squall come up in fifteen minutes, and change the smooth surface into high, rolling waves, one after the other, each of which seemed certain to overwhelm the ship."

Soon the winds began to blow with an increasing velocity, whitecaps began to form and break more and more frequently, and the surface of the water became rough. The sun disappeared behind the cloud and it grew

dark, the lights in the ship were turned on, and the boat began to rock. Some of the passengers became sea sick. Angry streaks of lightning flashed across the cloud, and the sense of hearing began to torment the brain with keen, sudden claps of thunder, which seemed to roll on to eternity. The waves rolled higher and higher, broke across the bow, and swept the deck of the vessel, sending the passengers inside the ship. The people became more excited, some of them going into hysterics.

The ship pitched forward, then backward, rolled to one side then quickly rocked to the other, while her beams quivered from the tremendous strain, and the interior woodwork cracked as it yielded to the springing of the vessel.

The waves rolled high, like sheer mountain peaks, and were carried on with the winds with increasing velocity until they broke and fell back on themselves. They tossed the ship hither and thither as though it were a cork, and threw the stern of the vessel so high as to bring the propeller above the surface of the water. At such times the racing of the engine, which made the boat shiver, would torture the minds of the passengers, who became more

frantic. Some fell on their knees and prayed to God for His mercy, while others put on life preservers and prepared to leave the boat and trust their fate to what many considered an angry God.

As the crew began to get the life boats in readiness the wind was so severe that one sailor was thrown overboard and lost. A tremendous wave rolled across the boat, taking everything loose on deck with it while the water went gushing through the openings into the vessel.

The captain noticed a whirlwind in the distance which was taking a spout of water from the sea and he told the passengers: "If that whirl catches us in its centre the boat will be destroyed."

The passengers rushed to every glass opening from which they could view the storm and the wireless operator began to send out the signal of distress, while the cyclone was approaching at a velocity of twenty to thirty miles an hour. "If this boat gets in the centre of that whirl, it will spin around like a top and she will never stand the strain," one of the seamen was heard telling his mate.

As the cyclone came closer and closer the people held on to the rocking boat with in-



creasing fear until they stood breathless as it passed with the centre only a short distance away. "My God, that was a close call!" one of the men remarked as he breathed a sigh of relief.

"We are safe now," the captain announced, and ordered the crew to put the boat in order.

When Grace kissed her father good-bye she had humbly bowed to the will of her God, so she had remained calm through the storm and when it had ceased and left them without harm she went to her stateroom where she sat alone and recalled the old familiar comparison of life to the sea and marvelled at the similarity.

After the boat had been put in order the band started playing soft, sweet music gradually changing into more lively pieces until some of the passengers began dancing and all were soon as happy and gay as if the storm had never happened.

Although it was late in November when they completed their voyage, Lake Malar was not frozen and the port at Stockholm was free of ice. But Stockholm had not the cheerful aspect it presents in summer; its gardens and parks were deserted; the delightful strains of music which caught the ear were heard only

in the cafés; the merry sound of sleighbells and the gay crowd of skaters on the Malar were yet to come. The theatrical season had opened and in the evening the cafés were filled with people, but the city looked wintry.

When they arrived at the Grand Hotel they found it was not so pleasantly situated as some others but it had an elevator and baths. Von Villard conducted the ladies to the parlour while he registered, arranged matters with the clerk in regard to mail, etc., and several cables, one of which was for Grace. After fishing out his own cables he secretly gave the others to Mrs. Stanton who read and destroyed the one from Warren to Grace.

The second day after reaching Stockholm they visited the hospital, which was famous, and after Von Villard had a private talk with the physician, Grace was told her mother would be all right in four or five months.

Von Villard knew the King and many of the government officials. He arranged to have Grace and her mother presented to the King and Queen and carried them through the Royal Palace and its museums of armour and costume, the finest of its kind in existence.

The King, Queen, and the people were exceedingly courteous and arranged for the party

to see the old churches, museums, and institutions of learning. The party received cards to the various sporting clubs, which are famous. The Stockholm General Skating Club was most popular at that season, and Von Villard and Grace often visited the club together. The tobogganning on the holidays was enthusiastically enjoyed by the members of the club who participated and also by the spectators.

Von Villard was very attentive, and when Grace became despondent on account of not receiving a message from Warren he would propose doing something that would interest her. He soon realized that in order to push his suit to success he must poison her mind against Warren. In order to do this he wrote Baronsky a letter requesting him to send Grace, from New York, the following cable:

"I have just married. I hope you will be happy."

The cable was to be sent in Warren Preston's name, and Von Villard was to be notified when it was sent in order to be sure the cable might reach Grace unopened.

## CHAPTER XX

### A CALL TO DUTY

AS GRACE failed to receive Warren's telegram she addressed her letter in care of the Willard which caused a delay in the delivery. As soon as he received the letter, telling of the intended trip to Europe, he tried to get Grace on the phone but failing to do this he talked to one of the maids in the Stanton home. The only information he could get was that Miss Grace had gone to Europe, for the girl did not know to what country or the name of the boat on which she had sailed.

As Warren's finances were low he did not try to locate the boat by wireless but concluded to wait until he heard more from her. The weather was mild but brisk and clear so when he finished his day's work in his temporary office, which seemed stuffy, he went to a seat in the park where he recollected the sorrows of his past life. He saw a vision of their little home at the time of his mother's death and recalled the emotions he felt at the

time he sold the watch his father had given him for money to pay his honest debts, while his dog was lying with a watchful eye beside a sack which contained his clothes and all of his worldly goods. How impressive had been the look in the dog's eyes as he wagged his tail and followed down the street on his journey to a new home too crowded for them to live together! How proud the dog had seemed of its master whose only possessions were being carried in a flour sack!

He then remembered the time Grace gave him another watch, which he took from his pocket, and looked at her picture and fondly recalled the pleasant moments and associations connected with it. Now she was sailing to some far-distant shores he knew not where, but he was resigned to the will of God, and his hope of future happiness rescued him from a despondent mood. That night he slept well, and the next day he went to his work with the same enthusiasm and determination he always had.

Warren knew that the railroad magnates were as honest as any group of men and were not different at heart from the rank and file of the people, although in a great many sections of the country cartoons were published

which pictured the railroad officials as tremendous fat hogs sucking the blood of life from the people, and some politicians had described them as thieves, cut-throats, and villains. Warren wished to correct this impression which many of the people had, for some of the finest brains and sweetest characters the world has ever known were in the railroad business, and in fact they were more generous than most men because they were able to be. It was this class of men that Warren desired to put in charge of the railroads, for he wished to see America with the best system of transportation in the world, and he knew if the management of the roads were turned over to fifty men selected from the present corporations the system would be in the hands of those fully competent and better prepared to give America the best in transportation. So in order to remove any false impression the people might have of the railroad officials, Warren's party sent to the people and each member of Congress pamphlets which Warren had prepared setting forth the following facts:

"The injustice and extravagance of the past are the fault of the system and not of the men. It is not the fault of man to be

selfish and grasping any more than it is for water to run down hill.

"One cannot blame the men at the head of a railway system in the West for wishing to move the fruit growers from Florida or other railway systems to their own system, for doing so enables the road on which the fruit grower lives to handle all the material that goes into the building and maintaining of the fruit grower's home, his tools, his stock, and their food, his clothing, shoes, automobiles, and everything the man uses. The average freight per capita in the United States is about fifty dollars per year, so every person a railroad can get to live on its system means about fifty dollars added to that road's income.

"One cannot blame the railroads in Kansas for coaxing the cattle raisers in Texas to drive their cattle into Kansas or vice versa.

"A railway system operating between Kansas City and New Orleans wants to haul all the radiators going into New Orleans, and the same is true of a system running from Buffalo, New York, to that point, so each of these roads is willing to make a special rate in order to coax the freight to move over their systems. As a result the railroads cut the price below the cost of service to New Orleans and attempt

to recoup their losses from Atlanta and intervening points. This causes congestion in certain sections and imposes a tax, without representation, on other localities thus causing a waste which the people must pay. If the rates are lower on roads in the densely populated sections of the country the people will continue to flock to these roads and the congestion will continue."

He secured the names and particulars of more than two thousand men who were recommended by the various railway systems as competent men for the position of director of the railroads, some of whom were known and recommended by as many as five of the biggest railway systems in existence. He marked such names with a star in the catalogue which he got out of the long list of names.

Warren's plan was to control the railroads as one big corporation through fifty men who were to act as directors. And in order to frame his bill so that it would act as a charter governing the power of these directors he consulted some of the best railroad men in America.

In order to be able to complete his tremendous task Warren carefully planned his work



and stuck to it diligently for twelve hours a day, which he felt was all he could stand. In the afternoons he would go for long walks, during which time his thoughts were always of Grace and their future. After he received her wireless from the ship on which she was sailing there were days and days that he received no message from her. Finally, he received a letter which told of her arrival but did not mention his cable nor refer to the one she sent, for she had received a confirmation of its delivery. He found his cable had been delivered in Stockholm and signed for. He read between the lines of her letter that she was not happy. He was not obliged to do the work he was doing, and he felt the strong chords of love pulling him toward Stockholm where he might enjoy the presence of the one woman in all the world that he loved.

But his conscience of justice and duty prompted him to think of the poor, suffering souls in the slums of the city whose future he might brighten if he put all of his power into framing his bill which was to come before the Senate. He never once doubted Grace's love, but if she should grow fond of someone else his own life would be all that was wrecked,

**If he left undone what he thought his duty he would betray a confidence that had been placed in him by the vote of the people. He often grew tired and sometimes despondent, but he never neglected his work.**

## CHAPTER XXI

### A WINTER NIGHT IN THE LAND OF THE MID-NIGHT SUN

**A**S GRACE failed to receive a message from Warren upon her arrival in Stockholm, she did not send him a cable but wrote him a long letter giving an account of her voyage and telling how she had wished so many times for him. When the first boat from America, since her arrival, came in and she received a letter from her father but none from Warren, she could no longer conceal her disappointment. She continued, however, to send him a letter on each boat leaving for America although her mother and Von Villard discouraged her in every way they could. She was too proud to tell Warren how distressed she was at not hearing from him and of course could not refer to anything he had written in the letter which she had not received, so her letters naturally became more indifferent and simply narrative; they gave account of the skating parties, describing the

museums and other places she had visited, the people and their customs, and other things of general interest.

She knew how she had tried to get in touch with Warren before leaving and had failed; and she thought possibly there might be some reason for her not receiving a message from him. Mrs. Stanton continued to discourage her writing and finally she was influenced to let one boat leave for America without a letter from her. But she could not conceal her emotions, and Von Villard was always ready to do anything to divert her mind and to make things pleasant. After they had seen everything of interest in Stockholm he proposed a trip to the far north.

The snow-covered roads had been thoroughly packed by the sleighs bringing in the game from the north and other traffic into the interior which made travel on them possible and comparatively easy. The road-houses, provided for the summer travel, were occupied by their keepers, and from Upsala to Happaranda there were seventy-one post-stations, many of them very comfortable, with tidy rooms and clean beds and tolerably good food. In winter the bedrooms were kept warm at night by means of porcelain stoves

which were very tall and sometimes became heated to a glowing red, like a brick. These conditions made ample lodging certain.

The physician had told Grace that the trip would probably benefit her mother and it would be a novelty all might enjoy, so she consented to go. Von Villard provided for each member of the party a reindeer coat the collar of which, when turned up, completely enveloped the head; loose-fitting boots, the inside of which were lined with fur; and such other togs as the natives usually wore in winter. He sent a man in advance to make reservations and to provide for fresh horses and sleighs every day, and he arranged for a guide and one servant in addition to the drivers to go with the party.

Each driver always carries a dog with him, who can always scent an approaching sleigh before it comes in sight and always barks the minute he smells it. The dog on the other sleigh has the same instinct and it all depends on the wind as to which dog barks first. At first the barking is intermittent, but as they come nearer each dog tries to outbark the other. The roads on the mountainsides are very narrow and each sleigh runs in a rut, making it difficult to pass. The warning given by the dogs enables the driver to pick a

suitable place for passing. When the driver selects his place and stops, his dog quits barking and the other sleigh knows to continue travelling. As the sleighs pass the dogs get off and meet, sometimes they growl and pass on, but they often fight.

From Stockholm to the Far North (the Land of the Midnight Sun where the nights are six months long) stretch the shores of the Baltic and the Gulf of Bothnia as far as Haparanda, the distance being more than one hundred and twenty-eight Swedish miles. The main road passes over many fjords, across hills and valleys, through large forests of pine and fir and dreary districts of swamp and morasses—then winding its way by wild and lonely lakes, past tracks of cultivated land and sylvan scenery and through clean and pleasant towns, villages, and hamlets hiding near inlets of the sea, or picturesquely situated by the riverside, full of life in the summer but quiet in the winter. When the sleighing is good the journey can be made in a fortnight without any hardship.

On a dark evening toward the middle of January the party, including a doctor, a guide, and one servant, left Stockholm in three sleighs each drawn by two horses. The sleighs

procured by the advance guide at the different stations were very comfortable, each seating two persons in addition to the driver and drawn by splendid teams. As they travelled north, the short days became shorter and shorter until they faded into night; the snow, which had fallen in a remarkably still atmosphere, grew deeper and deeper, and the forests of pine were beautiful with snow clinging to the branches of the trees.

The aurora borealis was sending streams of light upward, with waves swaying to and fro with the clouds above so that everything was distinctly seen. The lofty trees and all the shrubs were covered with a white mantle, the branches bending under the weight. Not a particle of green could be glimpsed. Each tree was a pyramidal shape with a sharp-pointed pinnacle of snow several feet high. The spectacle of thousands of these trees lining the sides of the road as far as the eye could reach, each standing as a monument to the power of its Creator, was superb.

As Grace travelled through that fairyland with Von Villard beneath the silver moon she was constantly thinking of Warren and wishing for his presence. For a long time not a word was said to break that sacred silence.

Von Villard hoped she was becoming sentimental, and started to remove one of his thick, fur-lined gloves when the driver called their attention to the light in the post-station close by.

How welcome to Grace was the light of that station! How cheerful was the blazing fire! How enjoyable would be the meal after the long ride! And how comfortable and warm would be the feather-bed!

After a fortnight's travel the horses began to bleed at the nostrils and the travellers were told if they wished to continue the trip they must do so in sleighs drawn by reindeer. In that section of Sweden reindeers are seen in great herds, sometimes numbering as many as five thousand. They cannot feed in snow more than four feet deep, for they dig down and eat a green moss of which they are very fond. The day before, the party had driven into a herd digging first with one foot then with the other, some of the holes large enough almost completely to hide the deer from sight.

The doctor gave his opinion that Mrs. Stanton was able to continue the trip but Grace had grown tired. She hoped on her return to hear something from Warren, so she insisted on returning immediately.



The sunny, bold, and magnificent mountains; deep, narrow and well-wooded valleys, clothed in beautiful flowers and green foliage; grand waterfalls, white and chaste, tumbling down the steep mountainsides with increasing velocity until they became a mist; numerous rivulets, whose crystal waters varied in shade and colour as the rays of the sun struck upon them, all of which might have been seen by the summer visitors, were then clothed in the cloak of winter, the solitude of which seemed to soothe the restless spirit of humanity. The small brooks no longer sang their rippling songs. The huge waterfalls no longer filled the air with soft, roaring music but stood still, like white monuments, reaching from the valley up the rocky mountainside, more than a thousand feet high, glistening with light from the moon and stars. The swallows had gone south and all had been silenced by the cold breath of winter. All nature stood in awe beneath the starry canopy of Heaven and waited for the power of God to command the sun to breathe life into it all.

Von Villard had so carefully planned everything that only once did they arrive at a post-station when they were not expected. Here they found the man and his wife in bed; as

the guide awoke them the wife raised her head from the pillow and said, "What do you want, strangers?" The guide replied, "We want to sleep here." "Welcome," was the response.

The good woman dressed, prepared the beds, and produced an ample supply of milk, bread, butter, cheese, and smoked reindeer meat and said, "Eat if you are hungry, drink if you are thirsty, and go to bed." She then bade the party good-night and went back to her room.

Von Villard often changed places in the sleigh with each member of the party and did all in his power to make everyone comfortable and the trip pleasant. Only once did he attempt to become sentimental. He had not taken Mrs. Stanton into his confidence in regard to the letter he had sent Baronsky, and she wondered why he was not more aggressive. She often remarked how conducive the long, moonlight night was to love making, and that the beautiful moon was an explanation of the fact that people in that country married so young, but to her surprise such remarks seemed to fall on deaf ears.

When they returned to Stockholm, Von Villard was careful to fish out all letters from Warren before Mrs. Stanton received the mail

lest she should suspect him for what he expected to happen. He received a cable from Baronsky, stating that his request had been complied with, and one to Grace which he delivered at once.

Poor Grace was tired and worn out from the journey, but when she saw a cable to her she knew it was from Warren and her face brightened with hope. The cable, dated at New York and sent in the name of Warren Preston, simply stated, "I was married last night at eight o'clock. I hope you will be happy." As Grace read the message she gave an involuntary exclamation of distress.

"What is it, Grace?" Von Villard asked, as if he knew nothing of its contents.

"Oh, nothing!" was the answer prompted by her pride as she threw her head back and left for her room.

Each word of the message was like a wound in her heart and Von Villard's question was worse. A heart wound would have destroyed the sense of pain, but the message killed her hope, her love, and yet permitted her still to breathe, live, and suffer.

Having no one to turn to for sympathy, she closed her door, jerked off her furs and heavy wraps, fell across the bed, and cried for a long,

long time. When the tears ceased to flow, she recalled the time she first saw Warren and the high opinion she then formed of what she believed to be his honest purpose. She recalled each moment she first spent with him alone and all each said at that meeting, including her telling him of her dream of his elbowing his way through a crowd, mounting the precipice to success, and of his lingering to level that precipice to a gradual grade so all could ascend. She remembered the temptation she had thrown at him by offering to get him a position with a big law firm and how noble she had believed he was to refuse. Yes, she recalled each hour they had spent together and the things he had said and done, how gentle she thought he was when he fed those little helpless birds; how sweet and romantic it all had been.

For the last five weeks during her trip to the north she had carried him in her heart; not one hour had passed, while she was awake, that she had not longed for his presence, and not one night had she passed without offering a prayer for him. When they had stopped to rest and she saw the little soft, blue-eyed, flax-haired children in their coarse nightgowns hover about their mother's knee to say their evening prayers and bid their mother good-

night with fond caresses, she had always thought of her ideal man and longed for such pleasures with him and her own. But now!

Within a few minutes' time her hope, her love, her confidence in man and her future had been completely wrecked, as if in a storm; while she was suffered to live and bear it all. How the God whom she had loved and adored who had created the earth with all its beautiful flowers and magnificent scenery, could permit her to suffer such tortures was a mystery, the depth of which she could not fathom. These few hours in her life that had been filled with love and hope were more sweet and happy than it was within her power to describe. Now the tortures of Hell, selfishness, and despair were crushing her mind and forcing her soul to linger and suffer.

After another long spell of weeping she rose from the bed determined to smash the picture of Warren, tear up her scrap book, destroy his few notes she had received, and put him out of her life forever.

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE WAY OF A WIDOW

WARREN was somewhat perplexed with the tone of Grace's letters, since they never referred to anything he had written and he noticed that each was slightly more indifferent than the one preceding. Finally a boat came in with no letter, and then several weeks passed and not a line had he received. He continued to write and pour out to her the secrets of his soul which were filled with messages of his devoted love. At last a bunch of letters were returned to him, each with the seal unbroken. He discontinued writing and one by one the letters he had written were returned. He grew despondent and wondered what it all meant. He had expected to go to Stockholm as soon as he finished his work and return before he was admitted to the Senate, but now his plan was changed.

When the Senate convened, the festivities of the season in Washington opened with all their accustomed pomp. Warren was hand-

some and had the distinction of being the youngest man on record to become a member of the Senate, so that his charming personality and courtly manners won for him the honour of being considered the best matrimonial catch of the season. He was admired by many of the young and beautiful girls who had been sent to Washington schools by their mothers in order that they might enjoy the festivities of the season.

Among the visitors to Washington was a Mrs. Bertha Broadnax, a young widow of exquisite charm and beauty, who had secured an elegant and spacious home which was the scene of elaborate social functions. She knew all about men, and the man that knew all about her was in no condition to tell it. She had beautiful brown eyes and was a past mistress in the art of using them. She was slender and graceful and exercised exceedingly good taste in her dress, both as to lines and colours. She had been told of Warren by several of her friends and was looking forward with pleasure to their meeting.

While Warren was in France he had learned to do a few steps and keep time with the music, but not wishing to do anything in public unless he did it well, he did not attempt to dance.

He felt he would become despondent at such festivities without Grace so he never attended one of them, although he had been invited to all. One day one of the Senators, to whom Warren had become very much attached, insisted on his attending a dinner party at the Senator's home. The Senator was a special friend of the widow who was also invited and seated next to Warren at the table.

The widow had thoroughly posted herself in regard to Warren's campaign and all that he had done. She knew all men to be vain or proud, and that those who do things are those who are able to conceal their vanity. She told him how wonderful his work had been, how everyone in the streets knew of his tremendous victory, and then to prove her statement she told him all about it and finished by saying, "And you know, usually I am not interested in these political fights." She had a double purpose in making this statement, one object that she did not wish to be drawn out on some political subject on which she was not posted.

In Warren's first address before the Senate he spoke of the rank of the United States among the great powers of the world and the new era on which the country was about to



enter as the leading nation of the commercial world and how essential it was to bring production to the lowest possible cost consistent with high-priced labour which must be maintained. He showed that in order to do this it was necessary to exercise every care to place our manufacturing plants in the most advantageous positions possible in regard to assembling the raw material and delivering the finished product to the market. He showed how vital it was to locate near the market the factories manufacturing bulky articles which approached in weight the raw materials from which they were made and which required but little coal to produce; and how other factories, manufacturing articles which required a vast amount of coal and raw material in proportion to the weight of the finished article, should be built near the point where the raw material could be assembled the cheapest.

He said: "The waterways must have sufficient volume of business to make the boat lines profitable. To do this the railroads must not be permitted to haul at a loss freight that would be profitable to boat lines. If a merchant wishes to ship his goods from New York to Baltimore, by boat he should have the advantage of the low water rate, but if he

wants the fast rail service he should pay for it. We have twenty-six thousand miles of navigable streams from which our commerce has been driven by the special rates, fixed by the railroads below actual cost, and now the roads are clamouring for the privileges of raising the rates to the small interior towns in order to recoup this loss. American-made boats and American high-priced labour must carry American commerce under the American flag to every part of the globe. Our freight rates must be sufficient to enable us to do this on a competitive basis with other countries. This problem has been put before the people and they have commanded a uniform rate to all points based on the cost of service. This will not force any manufacturer out of business, but it might induce him to move his factory to a more economical point of production. If the advantages gained by moving the plant to a new point are greater than the value of the plant and the houses of the operatives then for the sake of economy to society the plant should be moved. All we ask of the manufacturer is that he pay the actual cost of his freight, which includes a legitimate profit on the money invested in the transportation system. Fortunately the people have spoken

at a time when such changes can be made with the least possible inconvenience to manufacturers improperly located, for now each manufacturer can sell his product regardless of cost. There is one point on which all of us agree and that is that we should take every precaution possible to keep the management of the roads out of politics. And in order to do this I move that a committee be appointed to frame a bill with such a purpose in view."

The literature which Warren had prepared and sent out was the cause of his being recognized as the leader of the movement, and when a committee was appointed to frame the bill he was made chairman of it.

Mrs. Broadnax discussed all of these points at length with a knowledge that surprised Warren and won his good-will. She insisted on his coming to her home twice a week for dinner and after dinner she gave him dancing lessons. She often called in the afternoons and carried him for short rides in her car, and finally succeeded in getting him to one of the big balls, where he surprised the people with his grace and easy manners on the ballroom floor.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE POWER OF REASON

AS SOON as Grace went to her room after receiving the cable which almost broke her heart, Von Villard realized that the moment had arrived for him to push his suit. He arranged with a florist to send a beautiful bouquet of orchids to her room early the next morning and fresh flowers twice a day thereafter. It was several days before Grace left her room or would see any one. He finally arranged for the best orchestra in Stockholm to play in the parlour, on the same floor as her bedroom, in order that she might be soothed by the soft strains of the music.

Von Villard wondered what interpretation Grace would put on the silent message of the flowers which were presented with his card. Would she consider it as a token of love or as friendship, or were the flowers accepted for the sake of her father as the easiest way to avoid wounding his feelings? As soon as she would leave her room he

arranged to take her sleigh riding. He secured a splendid team and carried her through the most beautiful section of the city and into the parks.

After discussing things in general and leading up to the subject he said: "I've never spoken of my admiration for you Miss Grace, for when we first met I thought you were too young to consider me serious, and I have realized for some time that you had a youthful fancy for Mr. Preston. I knew him to be a man of the slums and felt certain that some day you would find out for yourself just the kind of a man he is. So I have contented myself to wait until you were old enough to understand life and the relation one sex has to the other. Our association has always been pleasant and I am fond of your family and believe we would always be congenial."

"I've always looked on you, Mr. Von Villard, as a very dear friend worthy of the highest respect," Grace replied, "and possibly I've accepted too many expensive favours from you. But you never gave me an opportunity to tell you how I accepted your courtesies until now, which, under the circumstances, I could not refuse. I am afraid I could never think of you in any capacity other than as a friend,

for there has never been any feeling of love between us."

"Some day, Miss Stanton, you will realize that there is really no such thing as love in the sense that most people use the term."

"But there *is* such a thing as love," Grace interrupted, "for I have experienced that emotion and know it to be the greatest thing in life."

"You thought it was love but really it was nothing more than passion and you will soon see it that way."

"And you do not believe in love?" she asked.

"Love is nothing more than congeniality and passion which each sex has for its opposite."

"But I have loved and know," Grace said. "I have never felt toward any one as I have toward Mr. Preston and I never will. Those moments I spent in his presence were the happiest period of my life. Although my love is lost I will never regret those happy hours."

"But look at the court records and see how many divorces are granted each year. Those fools once believed in love, and when they found that emotion was nothing more than passion they became dissatisfied and unhappy.

Look at the married people who are untrue to each other, and look at the people who are married but unhappy. They are merely suffering from that illusion that there is such a thing as love and they believe they have missed it. It is only passion. In two months' time you will have cast Preston out of your heart forever, and his affair will be a mere incident in your life. You don't care for him to-day as you once did."

"When I first saw Mr. Preston I admired him, and when I looked into his eyes I had a feeling which I cannot describe. I could not sleep for thinking of him, and when I saw him in the park I was thrilled by his presence. His voice was music to my ears, to me he was handsome and graceful, his disposition was sweet, and his smile pleasant. But what thrilled me most was the expression of his eyes; that feeling grew more intense each moment I was with him. Love is a small word but it expresses more to me than a volume of prose or poetry. I still believe that Mr. Preston is the most lovable man on earth, and now that my confidence in him is destroyed I have lost confidence in all men and my hope of happiness is gone."

"But I tell you, Miss Stanton, that emotion

was nothing more than passion and will disappear with time just as the rose withers in the sun which creates it. The man was not honest with you which is the reason you have lost confidence in men. He took advantage of your purity and fooled you into believing passion was love. If he had been honest he would have said you two were congenial and passionate toward each other, then you would still have confidence in men and your future happiness would never have been destroyed."

"Would you consider me as a companion for life after I have told you that I loved another?" Grace asked.

"Why, certainly, for I know that emotion for Preston will pass away with time just as the dew vanishes from the sun."

Grace grew tired of the discussion and changed the conversation to another subject. But Von Villard was persistent, and each time he saw her for days he continued to expound to her his theory of life and to explain how many ways they were congenial and how happy they would be together. As Von Villard had never felt the longing for a child's love or experienced the appealing affection in a woman's eyes, he looked on matrimony as a mere purpose for keeping the race in existence.



He was so selfish and determined to win his suit that he listened to Grace's tender love story without giving the least sign of remorse for the method he was pursuing to win her.

Mrs. Stanton did all in her power to keep Grace in his presence as much as possible. She thought Warren had married, and she used her influence to get Grace to accept Von Villard at once. She told Grace that her father had never trusted Mr. Preston and that his deeds were no more than one might expect from a man of low birth, and she was constantly expressing her praise of Von Villard in the presence of Grace.

Finally, after having lost hope and confidence in men, Grace began to sacrifice love for reason. If Warren's love had grown cold so quickly that he could cast her aside and marry another woman and send her such a heartless cable, and if her father could forget the love he had had for her mother and marry another so soon, then man's love must not be one that lasts and perhaps Von Villard was right in regard to men. It required considerable courage for a man to advance such a theory in the face of public sentiment, and courage and honesty were two things she admired in men. She had always respected

her father's judgment, and she knew he was a devoted father, so there must have been a reason for his taking her away without permitting her to see the man she then thought to be her soul's mate. Could it be that he, too, did not believe in love but did not have the courage to say so? Mrs. Stanton had told her many times it was her father's desire for her to marry Von Villard. Now that she had believed her lover had proven false she had no ideal and was indifferent as to her future life. Could it be that the greatest happiness she could hope for was to make her father happy by marrying a man of his choice?

She thought of the many courtesies Von Villard had extended, how polite and considerate he had always been, the wealth he had lavished on her, and of the position she would have if she accepted him, and since she no longer believed in man's love this was all she could now hope for. If she accepted, which everyone was advising her to do, she would occupy a position that many women would give their lives to obtain, while if she refused her future was dark and uncertain. She had never been thrown in contact with tricky people and she knew of no one in New York who knew of her affair with Mr. Preston. So

she never once questioned the genuineness of the cable, and finally she came to the conclusion, after a long sleigh ride, that she would accept his proposal, and so informed her mother.

Von Villard and Mrs. Stanton were anxious to have the ceremony performed at once, so Mr. Stanton was notified, and in less than a week he had cabled his congratulations and best wishes and expressed a desire for them to marry immediately. Grace finally yielded, and the engagement was announced in all the papers in Stockholm and arrangements made for the wedding to take place in that city.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### A MAN'S WORK

THE work of framing the bill was long and tedious. Often there were differences of opinion, but these were settled by submitting to the will of the majority. When the judgment of the majority differed from Warren's he accepted their verdict in such a manner that made it easy to continue the work in harmony and the men stuck to their work and performed their duty without complaining.

The bill limited the amount of money to be spent on railroad terminals, freight houses, and passenger stations to a fixed proportion of the revenue received at that station. As the freight charges were to be based on a mileage cost plus the cost of handling and switching at the point of receiving and delivering, and as this included a profit on the investment, each city would be interested in keeping the investment as low as possible.

The roads were to be handled as one big corporation, and managed by a board consist-

ing of fifty directors. Each director, in order to be elected, had to receive at least two thirds of the qualified votes in both the House and the Senate. The first board of directors was to be divided into five groups with a term of service for one, two, three, four, and five years, after which each term was to be for five years. The ten receiving the greatest majority were to have the five-year terms, the next ten the four-year terms, and so with each of the other groups. After the first year, Congress was to elect ten new directors, to take the place of those whose term had expired, and also those necessary to fill any unexpired term. Congress was provided with the power to fix the salaries of the directors from time to time as it saw fit.

The bill gave the Interstate Commerce Commission the authority to make as many classifications of the freight as they saw fit, and to arrange in alphabetical order every possible commodity, and give each an official classification. The commission was also instructed to fix a standard mileage rate to be used as a base and to fix the rate of discount from the base each classification should take. The rate was to be sufficient to retire the indebtedness assumed for taking over the roads in five ten, fifteen, and twenty years.

The bill made the roads exempt from any state, county, or city taxes. It gave the directors the authority to divide the roads into as many divisions or subdivisions as they thought best for the operation of the roads. It provided for the building of new roads, on the condition that three fourths of the people, living in the section the road was to serve voted for it and provided that two thirds of the cost of the road should be paid by the owners of the land in the zone through which the road was to pass. In such a case bonds were to be issued for the two thirds the land owners were to pay, the land to be classified according to the benefit it would derive from the road, and taxed accordingly to pay the bonds and interest. Contracts were to be awarded and supplies purchased by means of sealed competitive bidding, in quantities sufficient to permit firms of reasonable capital to bid on them.

The bill provided for the establishment of a school for training young men for all branches of the railroad business just as West Point trains men for the Army. The students were to be selected from every state, in proportion to the railroad employees in the state, but could not enter the school until they had

served two or more years in active railroad service after leaving high school.

Those who opposed the bill called attention to the fact that the actual cost of handling a car, from the time it reached the yards in New Jersey until it was delivered on Manhattan or in Brooklyn, was thirty-five dollars, while the cost at Binghamton, New York, was only one dollar and eighty cents. It was claimed that this fact would cause big corporations, whose manufactured products came through Binghamton, to erect their warehouses and store their goods there or similar points, instead of bringing them on to New York. The same would apply to towns south, west, and northeast from New York, and would cause many people and much business to leave the city and go to places where they could buy the land and build better houses for what they pay in New York for one year's rent, and still have a better freight rate. It was claimed that rents would be reduced, real estate would tumble, and people who had paid five hundred dollars a square foot for land would suffer a loss, which loss would fall on less than five per cent. of the people.

Those approving the plan claimed that the high price of real estate in New York was due

to the freight rates New York had previously enjoyed and was unreasonable, and in most cases the loss, if any, would fall on those who had been previously benefited. The interest of the people as a whole could not be sacrificed for the sake of a few. The removal of warehouses and manufacturing establishments would be gradual, covering a period of several years, during which time the natural growth of business would help take care of the decreased demand. People who had been living in three rooms would occupy four, and business firms would increase their office space. The best buildings would be occupied while undesirable tenements would be vacated, which would have a tendency to make the owners improve their property and hence would benefit the conditions in the slums.

Those who defended the bill insisted that they were doing nothing more than making one big corporation of the railroads, in which the people were the common stockholders and were voting for the directors in proxy through Congress, which power is often given in large corporations by a voting trust agreement. They insisted that Congress was just as competent to select a board of fifty directors as a half million independent stockholders of a



large corporation would be. They asked: "What better birthright can we give the future generations of America than to inherit an interest in our transportation system which increases in value as the population increases? It will be an inheritance he cannot destroy or lose and which when paid for is sure to reduce the cost of living."

It was also claimed that it would take the roads out of politics, treat all sections of the country alike, would assure justice to labour and employees, and eliminate forever the possibilities of a strike. The ten per cent. premiums paid for work would attract the highest class of labour in the world and make the roads more efficient. It would remove the selfish interest of the directors, and they could have but one purpose, to serve the people.

While Warren was at work in Washington Mrs. Broadnax was his constant companion. The rides in her automobile were a recreation to his tired mind and prevented his worrying about Grace as much as he might have, while her smile and cheerful disposition proved often an inspiration to his despondent soul. The dancing lessons in her home afforded him a diversion from the continuous grind and nervous strain under which he was labouring. Her

high opinion of him which she often expressed in his presence gave him confidence in himself and kept him keyed up to the highest pitch.

She made him realize what a power women have over men and how essential women are as companions. She kept in touch with everything he did and said. She was a good mixer, and her association with the various Senators and Representatives made her an excellent barometer with regard to public sentiment, while she had helped him to keep his gentle manners and to continue to respect the feelings of others. She entertained him often, for which she expected nothing as she knew he was not able to return her courtesies.

He began to wonder if he would learn to love her and if it were an act of God that snatched Grace from him just as he started up the ladder of success. He saw the precipice which Grace saw in her dreams crumbling from the blasts of justice, and he could see it slowly becoming a gradual slope that all could climb until they could see the rays of hope.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE VOICE OF THE DEAD

**T**HE family of the groom-to-be had many friends in Stockholm who entertained extensively in Grace's honour, which functions were elaborate and gave the couple something to do each day. Von Villard planned to take his bride into his native country and to present her to the royal family, then return to Stockholm in time to go on a summer trip to "The Land of the Midnight Sun." He tried to arouse Grace's enthusiasm over the tour by describing the different points of interest and the amusement they might engage in while making the trip, so each day they were receiving literature sent out by the hotels at the various resorts.

To Grace it seemed like a mysterious dream. In all of her childish fancy she had never once thought she would be married to a man for whom she cared so little. Never had she thought she would be so unconcerned about her own wedding. She had always highly

esteemed Von Villard's friendship, and when she became engaged she thought she would love and respect him more when she knew him better, but he grew more and more repulsive, and little things he did for her pleasure provoked instead of delighting her. He had planned everything without consulting her wishes, and it became evident that in accepting him she was surrendering her life, her personality, and her will to a man for whom she cared nothing. He was pushing everything with terrific speed, planning something for every hour from breakfast with friends to the hour they retired at night. He gave her no time to meditate or to think.

In the afternoon before they were to be married the couple went for a sleigh ride through the deserted parks and down to the stony cliffs by the water's edge. It was bitter cold and dark, with snow clouds banked against the horizon on all sides. They sat in the sleigh and heard the cracking of the ice scraping against the rugged shore and saw the surging waves break against the cold gray stones, and they watched the sea gulls which were sailing swiftly by as if in search of food and a safe place to rest their tired, slowly moving wings. They felt the damp, chilled

air stealing the warmth from their faces, and as Grace breathed she suffered from the cold air which penetrated her lungs. Her body was chilled, and Von Villard's presence seemed to freeze her soul.

She was sad, and her eyes seemed to be looking into space with no hope. When Von Villard leaned over and kissed her cheek for the first time, she turned her head as if the kiss were repulsive, but made no struggle to resist. Only a short distance ahead of her and easily accessible from the top was a huge rock projecting over the water many feet below. She wished she were alone so she could jump from that precipice into the cold water and end it all. Death was more inviting than the life she must live!

When they returned to the hotel, several members of Von Villard's family had arrived and were waiting to meet them. The meeting was so formal and the people seemed so cold and indifferent, that Grace asked to be excused from the dinner engagement on the pretence of illness.

She went to her room without eating, removed her wraps, fell across the bed, and cried for a long time. At last she brushed the tears from her eyes, made a resolution to end it all,

and choked back the sobs. She found that her purse contained only two dollars, but this was enough to pay a coachman for taking her to the cliff, so she slipped from her trunk an old strong box which contained a diamond necklace her mother had worn when she was betrothed to her father, and which she had left for Grace to wear on her wedding night. The box also contained a faded picture set in a silver frame. She looked at the picture, then pressed it tenderly to her heart and spoke as if talking to her mother's spirit. "Oh! Mother, if you were only here to help and counsel me!" As she continued to hold her mother's picture to her breast she had a vision of the rock overhanging the water which she had seen only a few hours before. She felt sure God would forgive her if she rushed into His presence to avoid the bitter cup from which she was about to drink.

The night long before when she had started to crush Warren's picture, when she looked at it and saw the strong lines of character in his face, the kind, expressive smile, and his keen but gentle eyes, the cords of love had been so strong she could not break them or destroy anything pertaining to him. She had carefully packed everything away and had not

seen them since, and so now she opened the package to take the last fond look. After kissing his picture, and crushing it to her breast, she picked up another and compared the two, then threw Von Villard's to the floor with such force that the frame smashed and the glass broke into fragments. If she could not marry the man she loved she would rather die than marry the man she cared nothing for!

The question that now confronted her was how to get out of the hotel without any one discovering her identity. At that moment the wedding party was at dinner and it was a busy hour for the servants. She packed into her handbag a few of her personal effects, which she wished no one else on earth to see or handle and that she intended to take with her as long as there was life. She dressed in an old suit and made her exit from the hotel by means of the servants' elevator and entrance, leaving behind a disarranged room which might indicate insanity.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### SELECTING MEN

**T**HE committee framed the bill so carefully that it passed both Houses with but little discussion and only slight changes. Warren was so considerate of the minority party who were on the committee that he won their confidence and respect and they submitted his name for one of the fifty directors. But he refused this honour for the reason that he did not think it best for any member of Congress to serve as a director.

The catalogue of more than two thousand names, which Warren had prepared, gave the date and place of birth, the different lines of business the man had been engaged in, the length of time he had served in each position he had occupied, and a concise statement with regard to his financial responsibility, morals, and habits. The catalogue had assisted so materially in the selection of the first directors that an amendment to the bill was adopted, instructing the board to catalogue



two hundred men each year, in order to assist Congress in selecting men for the vacancies.

The selection of the first board of directors proved that only a competent man could secure two thirds of the votes in both Houses of Congress and so much care was exercised in the selection of the first board that even those who did not believe in government ownership of the railroads began to believe that the country had at last solved the problem for good.

Warren was appointed temporary chairman of the directors with authority for calling the first meeting. When the meeting was called, Mr. Stanton, who had been elected as one of the directors, was elected to the position of president of the entire system. As Warren stepped from the chair and turned it over to the new president he met Mr. Stanton for the first time. For a moment each gazed at the other in silence, and then the expressions of their faces softened and Warren offered his hand in congratulations, for which Mr. Stanton expressed appreciation.

On taking office Mr. Stanton said: "I wish to thank you gentlemen for the honour of being president of the biggest industrial institution in the world, one that has more than

one hundred million common stockholders. It is my ambition and will be my pride to give these stockholders the best and most economical railway system in the world, and with your assistance and coöperation, which I know I shall receive, my hope will be realized and my pride satisfied. At first I was opposed to government ownership, but since this board of directors is the most competent and the best board that could possibly be selected, I have changed my views. When this nation finishes paying its war debt, we shall have nothing but honour to show for the money; but when we have finished paying for these railroads, we shall have a property with an earning capacity of two billion dollars per year. With this money the Government can maintain the best school system in the world, or reduce the cost of living by lowering the freight rates. Every American citizen will inherit an interest in the best piece of property on earth."

The other directors cheered, Mr. Stanton motioned for silence, and the election of officers was continued.

The directors knew each other by reputation and most of them were personally acquainted. They came from every section of the country and were thoroughly familiar

with the condition of the roads in every section, knowing all of the important railroad executives, managers, superintendents, and engineers in the business. The combination of the roads eliminated the necessity of having a number of men previously connected with the management, so that a large number of competent men were available to take charge of the various divisions, subdivisions, and departments which the directors created.

The people were well pleased with the work, and the newspapers were liberal in their praise for Congress and for Warren, who was always ready to share his honours with his associates. And when the reporters interviewed him he was careful to give the names of his colleagues and to tell how they had assisted in the work.

As soon as the bill had passed in both Houses, the young widow gave a dance in Warren's honour. She secured the best banquet suite in Washington with private elevators and elaborate furnishings, and engaged the best orchestra in order to make the dance as impressive as possible. Warren had become a graceful dancer and was one of the most attractive men at the banquet, while

Mrs. Broadnax was extremely popular both with young girls and the older men, and she made the dance a distinct success.

Special reporters were sent to write an account of the banquet, and the leading newspapers throughout the country gave the account prominent space in each of their papers. In the accounts the names of Mr. Preston and Mrs. Broadnax were mentioned significantly together.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### A MAN AT THE FINISH

**W**HEN Grace and her mother left for Europe, Tom had been no longer needed at the Stanton home as a chauffeur, so had been requested to get work elsewhere but to leave his address in order that he might return when needed.

When Congress adjourned, Warren returned to New York. The newspapers announced his arrival and gave the name of the club at which he was stopping. He was glad to see his old friends from the East Side, many of whom called immediately to see him, and among the first to call was Tom Moore.

"Well! You put it over all right," Tom said as he entered Warren's room. "Faith, but that was great. Tell me how you did it!"

"I didn't do it, Tom, the people did it! I simply gave them facts they had not known," Warren said, as he gave Tom a cigar and as the two were seated for a long talk.

When Mr. Stanton returned to his home

after attending the first meeting of the directors he was taken by complete surprise to find Grace. At the sight of her father she clung to him sobbing and unable to speak for a time. He held her to his breast and kissed her, without saying a word. She interpreted correctly the meaning of his silence, which expressed far more the feelings of his soul than he could have told in words.

"You see, Daddy, I was lonesome. I had to come to see someone that loved me, so I came to see you."

He saw that his baby was trying to tell him the secrets of her soul. Shielding her form with his big strong arm, and holding her hand he led her to the lounge and after they were seated he asked her to tell him all.

"You see, Daddy, I had not been in Stockholm so very long before I became engaged to Mr. Von Villard. Mother said you would like to see us married and I thought I would learn to care for him. He and mother insisted that the wedding take place immediately, so the time was set and the engagement announced. But as the time came nearer and nearer, I became more and more miserable. Finally, the day before I was to be married I met some of Mr. Von Villard's family. They

were repulsive to me and the misery was more than I could endure. I went to my room, burning with fever, thought it all over, and decided death would be preferable.

"I started to go to a rock that I saw the day before, overhanging the water, and jump from it. That night I stole away from the hotel. I carried a few articles that were dear to me and that I wished no one else to handle—mother's picture and her diamond necklace. I wanted a sleigh to take me to that rock, so coming out of the hotel I met an officer on duty and asked if he spoke English. He did not, but he carried me but a short distance to the American Consul.

"I told him my story and he put me on a boat just as it was leaving for Liverpool. I offered him my mother's diamonds to hold until I returned the money, but he refused to keep them. When I got to Liverpool, I went to the bank, told them my story, and got them to give me enough money on the diamonds to bring me home. I haven't cabled mother since I left!"

Mr. Stanton saw how it pained Grace to tell her story, and he knew there was still something she had not told, so he asked: "Why did you become engaged to Von Villard if you didn't care for him?"

She then told him in detail of her love for Warren and pulling the cable from her bosom and sobbed: "That's the real reason," as she held the cable in plain view with her nervous hands.

Mr. Stanton read the paper, and for a moment both were silent, then speaking slowly he said: "And I had begun to love and respect him, and to think he is so common as to treat my baby like this!" He then noticed the date of the cable and remarked: "That was about the time he met the widow, Mrs. Bertha Broadnax."

Grace had received a paper two days before her boat had arrived which gave an account of the big dance given by Mrs. Broadnax in honour of Mr. Preston and she had noticed their names were mentioned together several times in the article so she had suspected the widow of having won Warren's affections. She dropped her head and remained silent as if in a deep thought. Then raising her head she said: "If he wished to break the engagement, he might have done it in a kinder way than that!"

Mr. Stanton secured the affidavit concerning Warren's parents and showed it to her silently. Then to console his daughter, he



said: "Since he is that kind of a man, it is fortunate that you found him out before it was too late." He took the card of the American Consul, assured her he would redeem the diamonds, arranged to have her car put in order, and engaged Tom who went on duty the next morning.

Tom mentioned Warren's name at the first opportunity, but was surprised at the chilling reception the name produced. That evening he was dismissed early and went direct to Warren's room and asked: "How be you and Miss Grace getting along?"

"I've not heard from her in some time, Tom. She is in Europe, you know, and for some reason she has been returning my letters unopened. I don't know what the trouble is."

"Sure an' she is not in Europe—she's at home. Yis, sor, she came home yisterday. I noticed she looked at me like a mad woman when I mentioned your name."

Within a few minutes Warren was in a taxi on his way to the Stanton home. When Warren arrived, the butler took his card and presented it to Miss Grace; she in turn sent it to her father, who told the attendant to notify Mr. Preston he could not see Miss Grace or himself.

But Warren, pushing by the butler and into the sitting room, "I've come to see Miss Stanton and I will remain here until I see her or someone who will give me a reason why I can't see her," he announced.

Mr. Stanton was quick to detect the defiance in Warren's voice and came out immediately.

"I have come to see Miss Grace, Mr. Stanton."

"But you cannot see her," was the short but positive answer.

"I hold in my hand a watch, chain, locket, and picture she gave me. I am engaged to her and on those grounds I demand the privilege of seeing her."

"Your engagement is off. If you wish, you may leave the picture."

"For what reason is the engagement off?"

"For this reason if for no other." Mr. Stanton handed him the affidavit concerning his parents.

It was the greatest insult Warren had ever received. He turned pale and his eyes flashed as he read it. "This is false, Mr. Stanton! You are labouring under a mistake. I resent the insult with every fibre of my being. It is only because of the respect I have for Miss Grace and her home that I permit you to

present such a document. As to my parents, the people of Orlando, New York, can tell you whom they were. Is this your only reason for my not seeing her?"

"No!" was the sharp reply.

"Then what other reason have you?"

"I will show you a better reason." He then left Warren standing alone in the room.

Each of the men had shown considerable more feeling than his words indicated, and Warren wondered what his "better reason" could mean. Could it be possible that the man was going for his gun? To the man who was waiting the short moments that followed seemed like hours.

While Mr. Stanton was gone he slipped his revolver in the outside pocket of his smoking jacket and left the pearl handle showing. He returned with the cable Grace had received and handed it to Warren to read, his face expressing his thoughts better than anything he could have said.

"This is a perjury. I have never sent or authorized such a cable." Warren began to suspect foul play and his anger cooled considerably. He stepped to the phone without asking permission to use it. "Give me the Police Department, please—this is Senator

Preston. I am at the home of Mr. Stanton. Send me a private detective to Mr. Stanton's home at once, please." With a snap he hung up the receiver and turning to Mr. Stanton, he remarked: "The officer will be right up. I will take this seat and wait."

The two men looked at each other in silence. Warren realized that anything he might say would be doubted and thought best to say nothing, while Mr. Stanton decided not to order him out of his house until the officer arrived, and so each waited for the other to move.

After delivering the cable to her father, Grace lingered but a few minutes, then came into the hall in time to hear Warren using the phone, but could not understand what he said. Shocked by the silence of the two men, she crept down the back stairs and peeped through a small opening in the heavy velvet curtains. From her position she could only see Warren's profile. She never saw him in such a mood before. She studied every feature, and wondered how it was possible for him to treat her as she thought he had. She could not understand the long period of silence. She knew her father was watching every expression in Warren's face and studying him closely.

When the officer arrived, both men rose to meet him.

Warren said: "Officer, here are a couple of documents I wish you to investigate. This one is false and libelous. This cable is forgery, and I wish you to find the person who forged my name." Then turning to Mr. Stanton, he asked: "May the officer question Miss Grace concerning these documents in my presence?"

Grace, no longer able to conceal her presence, brushed the curtain aside and stood before the men. When Warren looked into her face and their eyes met the expression of the two softened. He rushed to kiss her, but she drew away from him.

"Tell me, Grace, with your own voice, do you doubt my love? Did you believe I was the author of that cable? Is that the reason you returned these letters of mine unopened?"

She reached her hand for the letters, read their postmarks, and saw they had been sent and returned.

"Was this affidavit concerning my parents the cause of your returning these letters? Tell me, Grace, do you doubt my love?"

Grace looked through his eyes into his soul and she knew he still loved her, and believed

his denial was true. When again their eyes met she permitted him to take her hand. Warren then asked the detective, who seemed embarrassed, to call the next morning for more information and excused him. He then led Grace to the lounge in the music room where they were seated and he told her of the telegram he sent upon his arrival in Washington, of the conversation he had over the telephone with one of the servants, of the cable he had sent to Stockholm, and of the letter he had sent on each boat. He said:

"At first my letters were not returned and you never referred to one of them or to my cable but I continued to write. Each letter recalled some happy communion between us and mentioned some thought of the future. These letters which have never been opened, but which were sent to you and returned, expressed in my feeble way the emotions of my heart."

Grace took the letters and opened one of them and read the closing paragraphs which said:

I have just returned from the park where I witnessed for the first time the death of a swan. When the bird realized its end was close at hand, it began singing to its mate in sweet, melodious notes which softened as death

shortened its breath. Its mate stayed close by, and to me both birds seemed to think they would some day meet again. Finally there was one loud, sonorous cry and the bird closed its eyes in death. It was a pathetic scene and made my heart seem heavy.

The keeper's voice trembled with emotion as he said: "The other swan will never mate again, even if it should live a hundred years, and should have ten thousand other birds to choose from. For years I have cared for the pair and all the time they have been constantly at each other's side and seemed most happy while protecting their young."

I thought of you, Grace, and of the happy moments we have spent together, and of the pleasant days the future still holds in store for us, but when I thought of the hour when we must part my eyes grew wet with tears. I recalled the letter you sent me the night of the election. That letter was the morning of my soul. In it I found new hope from my sad hour of despondence.

As the swan sang its death song to its mate, it repeated its sweet, simple notes over and over again, and even so I repeat my most sincere message to you; they are simple words each only one syllable in length, but few people realize their full meaning—I love you, Grace.

Yours forever,

WARREN.

Grace put the letter in her bosom and nestled closer to his side. "I'll read the other letters," she said, "after you are gone, for I can enjoy you now. This is the first message I have

received, Warren, since you left me at the park. But I continued to love and pray for you until I received that cable which you deny. How I suffered when I thought your love was false no one will ever know because it is impossible to describe that heart-breaking sorrow. I hate to think of those moments each of which seemed like years. I prefer to think of the moments we spent looking at the little birds in their nest and of the time our lips first met."

There was a loving embrace, and the two spoke in soft, low tones of the moments they recalled, until finally Grace called her father and Warren said:

"Mr. Stanton, I was born in Orlando where I lived until I was thirteen. That county elected me to the Senate, and I request you to telephone any citizen of Orlando and ask him anything you wish concerning my parents. As to the cable, I have told you that that is forgery and I offer these letters which Miss Grace has just read and which were returned unopened from Stockholm as evidence of the condition of my mind when that cable was dated. I have explained to Miss Grace and she has accepted my explanation! I love your daughter with all my heart and she loves me and we wish your consent to our marriage."



Mr. Stanton, realizing Warren was telling the truth, without further investigation, said:

“My boy, the horse that breaks the tape wins the prize and establishes a pedigree for its descendents. In America we do not pay so much attention to ancestors as we do to a man’s deeds, and I know what you have accomplished. So if you are my daughter’s choice, I welcome you into the family as a father welcomes his son and I wish each of you to be happy.”

He then kissed Grace and took Warren’s hand in which he placed the hand of his daughter and said: “May God bless you both,” as the lovers embraced.

## EPILOGUE

**T**WO years later. The navigable rivers and lakes were alive with boats carrying the commerce of the country on the avenues created by Nature. In the little towns and villages throughout the country manufacturing plants had sprung up like mushrooms. The working people were buying lots, for a month's wages, on which building and loan corporations were building houses on a five-year installment plan, each monthly installment being less than they had been paying for rent. The only vacant houses in New York were a lot of poor tenements, which were being pulled down and better ones erected with plenty of light in order to induce the tenants to leave the less-attractive quarters. Everyone occupied more space for business and living purposes. Many executives had gone to the small towns with their business, and carried their automobiles with them, which had relieved congestion on the streets as well as on the subways. The loss on account of the reduction in rents had fallen on a few who were

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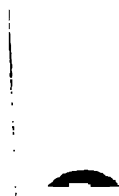
able to stand it without suffering and continue to dress their families in furs, laces, and silks, and to wear expensive jewels and ride in handsome cars.

Mr. Stanton's greatest pleasure was in visiting Warren and Grace, in their home beside the water, and playing with his baby grandson.

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